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VOLUME the SECOND,

Containing the ADVENTURES of GIL BLAS, and The FEMALE QUIXOTE, or the ADVENTURES of ARABELLA.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. FRENCH, No. 28, in the *Poultry*.

1774.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE great Length of GIL BLAS, with the vast Number of Incidents in it, has prevented the Editor from giving the Novel of PAMELA in this Volume; but it will make it's Appearance in the next along with two others much esteemed.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
GILBLAS.

THIS celebrated novel was written by Mr. Le Sage, one of the best French authors during the age of Lewis the XIVth. It has been translated into most of the European languages; for it is constructed on such a plan, as cannot fail of making the reader merry, while at the same time it conveys to him an inestimable fund of rational entertainment. We have here an instance of a young man of good natural parts, with only a small share of literary knowledge, setting out in search of an employment, without any thing to recommend him besides his own address. We trace him through a great variety of changes: one day we find him, as it were, elevated to the utmost pitch of happiness, and at other times de-
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pressed so low as to become an object of real compassion. To day he is taught to believe that his fortune is established on the surest basis, but scarce has he snatched at the flattering bait, when he finds himself surrounded with many unthought of evils.

Through all those different stages of his life, we find human nature in its various operations. We see him indulging himself in follies peculiar to youth, and we find him smarting under the stings of a conscience formed to accuse or excuse. In the end he becomes wise, in consequence of acquiring a perfect knowledge of the world—he is admitted into the cabinet of ministers of state, and attends to those capricious events of fortune, by which ambition becomes intollerable, and at last sinks down into meanness and contempt. From a careful consideration of things of such importance, he considers human nature, not as it is represented, but as it really is ; and with a sufficiency of knowledge he engages to act his part on the theatre of the world. A youth, spent in labour, folly, dissipation, and a thousand other things, which at that time were but little regarded, is in more advanced years crowned with honour, and the man who set out as a needy adventurer from the place of his nativity, surmounts the greatest difficulties, and in the end enjoys the peaceable possession of those sweets that virtue alone can give.

But notwithstanding all the beauties of this work, and the great esteem in which it has been held by the learned and virtuous in general, yet it has not escaped the censure of the critics. Faults are much more easily found than mended,
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and it often happens that those who are most forward in censuring, are at the same time the most averse to reformation.

Every fool can censure what is writ,
And fools have strong antipathy to wit.

Indeed, the principal objection made use of to depreciate the merits of this work, arises from a total ignorance of the manners and customs of the Spaniards. It has been publicly asserted, that the transitions from affluence to poverty, are so sudden, as not to be consistent with the state of human affairs in this world. Such an objection could never have been made by any man of enlarged ideas; for the manners of one country differs as much from those of another, as their respective situations in point of locality. In Britain, where all criminal prosecutions are carried on in the most regular and orderly manner, and where sudden transitions can seldom be supposed to take place, we are not much surprised at any new occurrences, because in all such cases we think we are safe in sheltering ourselves under the constitution. It is quite the reverse in Spain, where neither the civil law of the Romans, nor any municipal institutions of their own, have got the ascendancy over those prejudices, which formed by ignorance, diffuse themselves through every branch of the constitution. In England, crimes cannot be long concealed, the whole neighbourhood is alarmed in consequence of their having been committed; but in Spain, a villain may go on in a long course of wickedness, without ever being called to an account in a court of justice.

In England as soon as a man has received an injury, or has been wronged out of any part of his property, he may apply to the next magistrate; but in Spain the accuser must first prove his own innocence before he accuses another.

It may be necessary to remark, that the famous novel of Roderick Random, was written on the plan of this of Gil Blas, and, although they may appear different in their construction, yet that is owing purely to the constitutions of those countries wherein the respective authors lived.

GIL BLAS was born near Oviedo, in Spain, his father being an old superannuated soldier, and his mother one who had served many years under the character of house-keeper to a single gentleman. His mother had a brother, who, without the least pretensions to literary merit, had by the interest of a powerful Don, pushed himself into a rich living, and was at the same time canon in a cathedral.

This gentleman, notwithstanding the most avaritious disposition, took young Gil Blas into his own house, and gave him as much education under a severe school-master, as was fit to qualify him for the university. When he was sixteen years of age, his uncle told him, that it was now time for him to push his fortune in the world, and therefore giving him a little money in his pocket, and his own mule, Gill took leave of his relations, and set out for the celebrated city of Salamanca, famous for its university, and noted on account of the intrigues carried on in it.

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Great part of the first day was spent by our traveller not meeting with any thing worth mentioning, till at last he was accosted by an old soldier, who demanded a little money from him. As he was quite alone, and the soldier had fire arms, so it was in vain to dispute, and therefore he gave him a small trifle, heartily blaming the conduct of his uncle, who had not put him under the care of some persons travelling the same road with himself.

In the evening he arrived at Pennasfor, a town on the road, where he was kindly received by the landlord of the inn. The landlord was a talkative insinuating fellow, ever prying into other peoples affairs, and continually thrusting himself into the company of his guests, let their station be what it would. He asked Gil Blas a thousand questions, and at last finding that he intended to sell his mule, he told him that he would procure him a purchaser. The price being fixed for the animal, the landlord conducted Gil Blas to a carrier, who was to set out the next morning for Astorga, and every thing being settled the carrier retired to rest.

The landlord and Gil Blas returned to the inn, where our young adventurer met with a man of a genteel appearance, and who accosted him as one of the most celebrated geniuses in the world. He said he was the eighth wonder of the world, and that his name was better known over Spain than that of the richest Don in the whole monarchy.

It is not to be wondered at that a young man unacquainted with human life should swallow such flattery with the utmost avidity. Accord-

ingly the parasite who was no other than an accomplice with the landlord, ingratiated himself so much with Gil Blas, that a fine supper was got ready, and some of the best wine, all at the expence of our adventurer. When supper was over, the parasite, who had crammed himself up to the throat, rose from the table, and taking Gil Blas by the hand, told him to beware of flattery, for although he had only put him to a little expence for a supper, yet others would not be so sparing.

This was one of the most mortifying strokes that could have happened, and our adventurer was so sensibly affected with it, that taking up his baggage, he left the inn, and set out for the place where the carrier lodged, cursing himself for being so easily imposed on, and resolving to be more watchful for the future.

The carrier, with whom Gil Blas travelled, had several other passengers, among whom was a young tradesman who had married a wife, and was then taking her home. The carrier was in the whole of his deportment little better than a brute, yet was not void of that low cunning, which, when joined to an unprincipled mind, generally leads to the most atrocious crimes. The young married wife attracted his attention, and he resolved to enjoy her at the expence of conscience. For that purpose, while the guests were at supper, the carrier came in and told them that he had been robbed of a considerable sum, and that he would have them all taken before a magistrate, and put to the torture unless his money was immediately returned.

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As all the company were strangers to each other, and as none of them were conscious that they had stolen the money, they protested their innocence, but being afraid of the torture, they all ran in the most precipitate manner out of the room, except the young wife, who staid behind, to the no small joy of the carrier, who only wanted to ravish her. It was not long before he began to put his scheme in execution, for such was his rudeness and brutality, that the young woman alarmed the neighbourhood with her cries, and the officers came to her assistance. The amorous carrier was immediately taken before a magistrate, who ordered him to be stripped and whipped to the no small diversion of all who were present.

With respect to the rest of the company, they all went different ways, and as Gil Blas was quite a stranger in the country, he never looked behind him till he found himself in an unfrequented forest, far from any houses whatever. He had not been long there when a banditti of robbers came up, and clapping pistols to his breast, commanded him to follow them to their place of concealment, in a neighbouring wood.

In the place where they resided, a large trap-door was opened, which led them by winding steps into a subterranean dwelling, where the sun never shone. There Gil Blas was told that he must remain as long as he lived, and for that night nothing was to be seen but festivity and mirth. Each of the robbers entertained our adventurer with an account of the many pranks they had played, but a settled gloom lodged in

his countenance, and when the robbers had retired to rest, he resolved in what manner he should make his escape.

Besides the robbers who lived in common together under one whom they called captain, there was in the infernal cell an old negro, and a woman who dressed their victuals, and both these were gone to sleep : Gil Blas crawled from his apartment, till he came to a strong iron gate, which he was going to force, but while he was engaged in it, the old negro who had some suspicion of his intentions, followed him and knocked him down. He was then brought back to his cell, and the captain, who had been alarmed, getting up, told him, that if ever he made an attempt of the like nature, they would flea him alive.

For some days our adventurer gave himself up to the most melancholy reflections, and often cursed his uncle for sending him on a journey, when he knew that he would be subject to so many dangers, without the least human probability of extricating himself out of them. But at last reason got the better of passion, and he resolved to act in such an artful manner as would recommend him to the robbers, so as to be taken into their company, and thereby have an opportunity of making his escape. He told them that he was at last pleased with his situation ; and they agreed, that, if at the end of six months he did not change his opinion, he should be entered into the gang.

The time being expired, our young adventurer set out with the robbers, and having rode several miles, they discovered a Dominican friar on

on a mule, and as Gil Blas was only a novice, it was proposed that he should begin by robbing the priest. Accordingly he set off, and coming up with the reverend father, ordered him to deliver his purse, or he would that moment lodge a brace of balls in his body. The Dominican after expostulating some time with him, threw his purse on the ground, which Gil Blas picked up and carried to his companions, who were waiting at a small distance.

They all joined in congratulating him on this first essay of his courage, but when they came to examine the contents of the purse, and found in it only some medals, and some popish trumpery, they could not help laughing at poor Gil Blas, telling him, that, for the future, not to have any connection with monks who were endowed with more cunning than he was master of. It was now morning, and as our adventurers with his companions, were not to return home till they had acquired some booty, so they continued hovering about in the forest till near evening, without meeting with any thing worth notice. At last a coach came up attended by several footmen in livery, and Gil Blas was given to understand, that unless he discharged his duty with courage and fidelity, his brains would be instantly blown out. Gil Blas promised to obey them in the most implicit manner, and soon after a most desperate battle ensued, several persons were killed, but at last victory declared in favour of the robbers, and after having secured their booty they went up to the coach, and found in it a beautiful young lady in mourning, almost dead with fear.

The robbers agreed that they should take the lady home with them, which they did, and placed her under the care of the old woman, not doubting but in the end they would be able to make her contented with her new lodgings. During the whole of the first night she continued in fits, and next morning our robbers set out to dispose of their booty, at a town several miles distant.

As Gil Blas longed for nothing so much as an opportunity of once more regaining his liberty, he pretended to be taken extremely ill, and therefore was excused from going along with them. The old negro was at that time so ill in bed that he could not give him any molestation; and as for the old woman, he tied her hand and foot at the bottom of a large table, after which, taking a pistol in his hand, he led the lady up to the grate, and conducted her to the mouth of the cave. Having proceeded so far, he took one of the best horses out of the stable, and mounting him, made the lady get up behind, and travelled several miles, till they found themselves in the middle of an unfrequented forest without knowing what road to take; being afraid of going into the same way that lead them to the place where the robbers had gone to.

In the evening, as good fortune would have it, they arrived at Astorga, and as the lady was very much fatigued, Gil Blas ordered a genteel supper to be got ready, and did every thing in his power to make her as agreeable as possible. He told her every thing relating to himself, which served in some measure to alleviate her fears, for before that time she imagined that he was one of
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the robbers, and actually lived by the profits arising from that most iniquitous profession. On the other hand, the lady told him, her story in words to the following import. She told him, that her father was killed during the wars in Portugal, and, although his family was both ancient, and in every sense of the word respectable, yet he left but a small fortune to his daughter, who had all those personal charms that cannot fail of attracting the notice of the other sex. When she grew up, many of the Spanish Cavaliers made their addresses to her, but none of them attracted her attention so much as Don Alvaro de Mello. He had every accomplishment that could serve to render him amiable, he had on many occasions given the greatest proofs of his valour, so that there was no wonder that he should gain an ascendancy over the heart of a young lady, who was not deaf to the tender emotions of love. Where love takes place it generally happens that reason is shut out, and accordingly the young lovers married without consulting any of their relations.

The joys they felt in the marriage state were soon interrupted by an unexpected incident. A young Spanish nobleman had long been enamoured of the young lady, and no sooner did he hear of her marriage, than he sent a challenge to Don Alvaro de Mello, who met him in an adjacent field, and left him dead on the spot.

As the young nobleman was nephew to the chief magistrate of the place, there was not the least doubt but he would seek as cruel a revenge as the law would permit, and therefore Don Alvaro was obliged to take leave of his beloved spouse,

spouse and make his escape in the best manner he could. The magistrate finding that he had fled in order to evade justice, was so enraged, that he took possession of his estate, and, according to the laws of Spain, ordered all his goods to be confiscated, leaving his wife exposed to the hardships of an injurious world.

During seven years she lived in the most disconsolate manner, without hearing any thing from her husband, till at last she was informed that he was killed in an engagement fighting for the king of Spain, in Fez. Some time after this news arrived, the lady was courted by an old Spanish Marquis who had an opulent estate, and as she was positively assured her husband was dead, she at last consented to give him her hand. The old marquis did every thing in his power to make her happy; but still a settled melancholy seemed fixed on her countenance, which arose from her remembrance of her first husband.

One day as she was walking in the garden, she observed a man dressed in the habit of a peasant gazing upon her, in a more than ordinary manner, but how great was her surprise when she discovered that the peasant was no other than her first husband; what her feelings were on that occasion, may be easily conjectured; and, after some conversation together, they both set out, and pursued their journey two days, without meeting with any thing worth notice. At last they were met by the robbers, and Don Alvero was one of those who lost his life in the engagement, but as to what happened afterwards she could not give any regular account.

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The lady having finished her story, gave vent to her grief in a torrent of tears, and Gil Blas sympathized with her, but before they had time to consider what was proper to be done, a magistrate came into the room, and took them both into custody. A person present, swore that the cloaths our adventurer had on, were taken from him by some robbers, and therefore it was concluded that he was one of them.

He was immediately put into a dungeon, where he remained sixteen days, being allowed nothing for subsistence but a little brown bread and water. At last, he was told that the carrier with whom he had travelled from Penafior was in the town, that he would be confronted with him, and if his story was true, he would be set at liberty ; for the lady whom he had rescued had interceded for him. But to his great surprise, the knavish carrier, who had stolen his portmanteau, being afraid that he must restore it, declared that he had never seen him before, so that he was obliged once more to return to his dungeon. Fortune, however, changed about, and many people came to see him, among whom was a ballad-singer, who had been his fellow traveller along with the carrier. This poor fellow swore to the truth of the story told by Gil Blas, upon which he was set at liberty, and immediately set out for Burgos, where he was informed the lady whom he had rescued was in a convent.

When he came there, he was with much difficulty directed to the convent, and introduced to the lady, who received him as her deliverer, and told him, that the nobleman, her husband, from whom she had run away, had died of a broken heart,

heart, and had left her his whole fortune. She added, that as her misfortunes had been so numerous, she was determined for the future to reside in that convent, and to become a benefactor to it.

Grateful for the favour shewn her by Gil Blas, she gave him a hundred ducats, telling him to purchase new cloaths, and then return to visit her in the convent. Accordingly, he went to an inn, and sent for a person who dealt in cloaths, to equip him out in the most genteel manner. Having purchased cloaths, so as to make a genteel appearance, he went again to wait on the lady, who gave him a fine diamond ring to keep for her sake, telling him at the same time that she should ever be grateful for the obligations she was under to him. Gil Blas, who expected a considerable sum of money, returned disappointed in his hopes, and went home to his lodgings, where he began to ruminate in his mind on his situation.

He had not however been long at home, when a man came into his chamber, and gave him a bag of money, which the lady had ordered to be sent him. His landlord advised him to set out for Madrid, in order to procure a place at court, and having with the greatest appearance of sincerity recommended a servant to him, he purchased two handsome mules, and set out for the capital of Spain. On the evening of the second day they arrived at Valladolid, and put up at the best inn in the town.

The footman, who pretended to a large share of piety, put up the mules, and then went out, telling his master that he was going to church to return thanks to God and the saints, for having preserved

preserved them from all accidents on the road. Soon after, the arch-hypocrite, the footman, returned, the landlord came into the room, and introduced a lady and gentleman, both dressed in the most elegant manner. Gil Blas, who had been duped at Penafior, resolved to be upon his guard, but all in vain, for the lady shewed him a letter from his generous friend, the lady, recommending him to her care, upon which he consented to go with her to her house, a coach being ready for that purpose. The house was large, and the apartment to which they were conducted was lighted up, with a great number of tapers, and the lady's brother was then introduced to them.

An elegant supper was served up, and so agreeable was the company to our adventurer, that he agreed to accompany them next morning to their country seat, which according to their description, was one of the most delightful spots in the universe. In the morning he got up, but how great was his surprise, when he found that the pretended lady, whose name was Camilla, and Don Raphael, her brother, had absconded, and taken all his effects along with them.

Thus reduced to the lowest stage of poverty, he went about the streets in the most disconsolate manner, till happening by accident to meet with an old school-fellow, whose name was Fabricius; he was advised by him to look out for a service in some reputable family.

Gil Blas consented to this proposal, and he and his old acquaintance having drank a bottle together, set out to the house of one who kept a register-office for hiring servants. There he was immediately

immediately recommended to the service of an old superannuated clergyman, who lived in the most recluse manner with an old housekeeper and a young girl, who by the tongue of scandal was considered as his own. The old priest was one of those idle drones whose youth is spent in a college, and their advanced age in a close apartment, little better than a cell in a convent; for sleeping and eating was all his employment.

The priest was reputed to be extremely rich, and as Gil Blas did every thing in his power to serve him, he was so obliging to tell him, that if he remained with him till his death, he would leave him a handsome legacy. At the expiration of three months the king of terrors came with his awful message, and a notary being sent for to make the will, Gil Blas was left in possession of the whole library, books and manuscripts, without distinction. The funeral being over, in consequence of the assistance given by a celebrated physician, who attended the priest on his death-bed, Gil Blas went to take possession of his legacy; but how great was his surprise, when he found it consisted of no more than two or three old books, worth about as many shillings.

The physician who attended the priest, whose name was Sangrado, was an arch-wag, and as he had taken notice that Gil Blas was an accomplished young fellow, he proposed taking him into his service, and the proposal being complied with, he removed to the house of his new master. Dr. Sangrado was one of those empirics, who make it a rule to prescribe the same remedies for every disorder, for whatever were the constitutions of his patients, warm water and bleeding were all that

that was administered. He had acquired such a name in the place where he resided, that all his prescriptions were looked upon as infallible, although when the list of his patients were all put together, they might have been compared to a register of the dead.

It was not long before Gil Blas learned the whole art of the doctor's prescription, and as it was in its own nature simple, he was appointed to act with plenary powers. His first experiment was on one of those officers of justice which we call bailiffs, and he bled him so unmercifully, and gorged him so full with water, that he had no more occasion for his assistance. A pastry-cook shared the same fate, and his wife was so well pleased that her husband was gone to purgatory, that she made Gil Blas a very handsome present.

On coming out of the pastry-cooks, he met his old friend Fabricius, and it was agreed upon between them that they should adjourn to a public-house, where they made themselves extremely merry, and then returned for that night. Upon his return home, Gil Blas found his principal, the doctor, so much entangled with business, that he wanted his assistance, and accordingly he was dispatched to wait on several patients. In one house, having prescribed for a young man who was afflicted with the dropsy, he was opposed by a physician who had been sent for on the same errand, but though ignorant of the whole art, he took care to shelter himself under the character of Dr. Sangrado.

His next patient was an old prebend belonging to a cathedral, who no sooner heard of the dreadful

ful apparatus of bleeding and water, than he roared out like a madman. One day as he was returning from visiting a patient, he was stopped in the street by an old woman, who begged of him to go along with her to see her neice, who had been taken ill the day before, and could not give any account of the nature of her disorder.

He complied, and following the old woman, was conducted into a small neat chamber, where he found a young woman sick in bed, but how great was his surprise, when he recollected that she was the Camilla, who under pretence of being a lady of quality, had cheated him out of all the money he got from the generous lady at Burgos. He did all he could to conceal his emotion, especially as he saw his ring on her finger, and having prescribed to her, he went in quest of Fabricius, in order to consult with him in what manner to act.

Fabricius, who was a perfect master of every species of roguery, told him that he would act the part of an officer of justice, and accordingly taking along with them some young fellows, journeymen barbers, they entered the apartment, where the young woman was, and Fabricius ordered her to get up and go along with him. There was no time to be lost, but as our adventurers wanted money rather than justice, they contented themselves with taking what valuable articles they could find, and then retreated in order to make the best use they could of their booty.

Fabricius proposed that they should go to a tavern, but they had not been long there, when they were all taken into custody by the patrol, who

who had received information of their proceedings from the old woman who attended Camilla, under the character of her aunt. Their appearance now was as despicable as that which the poor Camilla made when taken into custody by the pretended officers of justice, and they had as little to say for themselves as she had at that time.

They were all stripped of their booty and committed to prison, where they remained some time, till at last they were set at liberty, and Gil Blas returned to his old master, Dr. Sangrado. The doctor received him with great appearance of civility, and they agreed to begin a new plan of operations, which was attended with such success, that they made more widows and orphans in the course of a few weeks than ever was done by the plague. But such destructive measures could not last long without being severely reflected upon by the people, and it is well known, that those who deal in such practices are very soon detected. Doctor Sangrado and Gil Blas used to go in the afternoon to divert themselves at tennis-ball, where they met with a Spaniard, who pretended to be a don, but in reality was no more than a sharper.

As he was bold, daring and imperious, so he could not bear the least affront, and one evening Gil Blas having quarrelled with him, the pretended Don sent him a challenge. However willing our adventurer was to kill people in the ordinary way of his profession, yet he did not chuse to have a brace of bullets lodged in his skin, and therefore he declined the combat. He found it, however, very imprudent to remain any longer

longer in Valladolid, and therefore having taken leave of his old friend, the doctor, he set out to see for some other place where he could live without molestation. Indeed, his intrigues of one sort and another, had been so numerous, that nothing could have been more prudent than to leave a place where he could not live in safety.

Like the natives of most other countries, he resolved to set out for Madrid, and on the first day of his journey thither, he was overtaken by a man with a wallet on his back, and a guitar hanging about his neck. Gil Blas immediately recollected that he was one of those young journey-men barbers, who had along with himself been taken prisoner, when Fabricius acted the part of an officer of justice.

The young fellow was extremely merry, and he and Gil Blas having regaled themselves out of the wallet, our adventurer told the barber that he had left the place of his nativity some time before he came to Valladolid, and that he was then going to Madrid, in order to procure a place in the family of one of the Spanish Dons. The barber was glad to hear that he was travelling to that place, and as the day was not then far spent, he related the account of his own adventures in words to the following import. He told him that his father was a barber, and descended from a race of barbers in the village of Olvido, but as he had many other children, and finding his family on the increase, he took his son one day to the door, and pointing to the road that led to Madrid, gave him a push with his knee, and desired him never more to return till he had made his fortune,
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and acquired as much money as would enable him to live like one of the first grandees of Spain.

There was no time left for disputing, and therefore our young barber set out and walked several miles before he examined the contents of his knapsack. He found, however, that it contained a pair of old razors, with some other trifling articles; that seemed to have been made two generations before, but as there was at the same time a small trifle of money carefully wrapped up, he looked upon himself as extremely happy, for he had scarce ever seen coin before.

The first night he lodged at a small village, called Ataquienes, and next day reached the city of Segovia, where he was taken into the service of a barber, who allowed him some wages, together with his board and lodging. While he was in that place he became acquainted with a young fellow, a journeyman barber, who had a strong inclination to follow a company of strolling players, and accordingly they all set out together. Our barber was soon taken notice of by the ladies; and one, in particular, according to the Spanish custom, being fond of intrigue, sent him an invitation to wait upon her. His mind was now elevated to the highest degree; he repaired to the scene of action, where he found that his own uncle was the porter.

He could not, however, procure admission to him, for it is well known that porters are as difficult of access as their masters. In the afternoon he returned and met with his uncle, who received him with no small share of formality; but as he had no intention to be troubled with him

him, he told him that he ought not to remain any longer in Spain, but prepare to set out for some other city in the provinces, where his morals would not be so much corrupted.

This news was not welcome to the barber, who returned next day, and told his uncle that he resolved to remain some time longer in Madrid, upon which the old porter pushed him out of the house with all the marks of contempt. This was a most mortifying stroke : but who can resist the decrees of fate ? Our poor barber was obliged to submit, and indignation took place in his mind rather than resentment. He was then taken into the service of a physician, a man far advanced in years, who had a handsome wife, of whom he was not in the least jealous. He found so many temptations that he could not resist them, and therefore it was agreed between him and some of his companions, that they should, in consequence of a plan laid down, continue to serenade the lady every day under her window.

This had the desired effect in some sense, for every time they made their appearance, they were still the more agreeable, till an accident happened that almost disconcerted their whole plan. One night the barber was confined so late before he could go to the scene of action, that it was extremely dark, and in his way thither he was crowned with the contents of a chamber-pot. His courage, however, did not forsake him, for he went and met the lady who treated him with every mark of respect. She said a thousand things to comfort him, all which seemed to be the effusions of pure love, and hav-
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ing regaled himself with some of his companions in the kitchen, they all became so very merry that nothing less than music would serve them, for when wine is in wit is out.

The lady was so much in love with the barber, that next day she sent him an invitation to meet her in the evening at her own house, where, in order to procure admittance, he was to mimic the mewling of a cat. Accordingly in the evening he went to the place and mewed so loud that he was heard by the waiting woman, who let him in, and conducted him to her mistress. The lovers were conducted into a chamber, where they indulged themselves for some time, but as ill luck would have it, the husband came home, upon which the barber was obliged to make his escape in the best manner he could.

The poor barber returned home, not without blessing his stars that he had been delivered from such an impending danger, and next night repaired to the same place, not doubting but he would still find an opportunity for the completion of his wishes. When he came to the place he imitated a cat in so artful a manner that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and a person returning home took up a large stone, which he flung at him, calling out, "Curse the cater-wawler."

The stone was sent in so violent a manner from the hand of the assailant, that he reeled for some time, and the whole street being in an uproar, he left the place, and returned home in order to have his wound dressed, for his love was now cooled. The dangers he had undergone made him resolve never more to engage in such adventures,

ventures, and therefore he left the place and travelled through several parts of Spain, till he became acquainted with Fabricius, who introduced him to the company of Gil Blas, who had now met with him in so fortunate a manner.

Gil Blas and his companions continued their journey, till they came to a small village, where they lodged for that night, and next morning proceeded towards Madrid. The day was extremely hot, which obliged our travellers to take shelter under some trees, beside a small stream, where they found a man soaking hard crusts of bread in the same healthy and innocent manner as we read of concerning those who lived in the golden ages, when men studied more their own preservation than an attachment to things in their own nature superfluous.

This extraordinary person was really a practical philosopher, and not one of those self-sufficient drones who boast of speculation, as if they were divested of those passions inseparably connected with humanity. He told them that he was a player, and although extremely poor, he had often personated a king. That he had married an actress in hopes that she would by her intrigues have supported him in a genteel manner, but it happened, that, contrary to the ordinary course of her profession, she was extremely chaste so that he was left to starve.

Our two travellers treated him with what victuals they had in their knapsacks, for which he thanked them in the kindest manner, and then taking leave of him, proceeded on their journey. The village where the barber was born happened to be in their way, and he proposed that Gil
Blas

Blas should accompany him thither, a proposal to which he had no objection, as he was utterly disengaged. When they arrived there, they were received in as pompous a manner as was consistent with country rusticity, and Gil Blas was treated as if he had been one of the most learned sons of Esculapius.

The barber, among other faces, recognized that of his school-master, who, although an ar-rant pedant, yet treated him in the most affectionate manner, and told him that his uncle, an old miser, was lately dead, and had left his fortune among his relations. That his sister was to be married the next day to a bailiff, and that there were to be great rejoicings on the occasion. When the entertainments were over, the barber declared his intention of staying at the place of his nativity some time, and therefore Gil Blas resolved to proceed with all expedition on his journey to Madrid. Accordingly he set out in company with a merchant of Segovia, who treated him with great respect, and at parting gave him a letter to a person in Madrid, without acquainting him with the contents.

When he arrived at Madrid, he went to the person to whom the letter was directed, who happened to be a woollen-draper, and lived near one of the gates of the city. He told Gil Blas that the letter contained the strongest recommendation of him, and at the same time promised to procure him a place.

This was agreeable news to our adventurer, and the woollen-draper, in order not to keep him too long in suspense, introduced him the same day to a gentlemen, who took him home to his

house. He was told that he would have nothing to do during the day because he would be allowed board wages, nor was he to be permitted to come into the house after his master went out, only that at a certain hour in the evening he was to be ready to wait on him on his return home. As Gil Blas did not so much as know his master's name, whom he never saw but in the mornings and evenings, he asked the woollen-draper some questions concerning him, but all the answer he received was, that as he did not converse with any person in the neighbourhood, he was suspected to be a spy employed by the king of Portugal. This news was not agreeable to our adventurer: he was well acquainted with the severity of the Spanish laws, and he knew that if his master should happen to be apprehended he would share the same fate.

Filled with the most anxious thoughts, Gil Blas took the liberty one evening to communicate his suspicions to his master, who gave him no satisfactory answer, but sat down in a seeming melancholy manner. Our adventurer was now more alarmed than ever, but as it was then late, they went for that evening to bed. In the morning, when they proposed setting out as usual; they heard a loud rapping at the door, which being opened, a bailiff told them that the gentleman of the house must walk along with him to a magistrate. The gentleman immediately shut the door, and retreated to his closet, telling Gil Blas that he might go about his business for that day, as he would not have any occasion for him till towards the evening.

Nothing

Nothing more happened that day, but next morning the same officer came again with the magistrate who demanded immediate entrance; upon which the door was opened without any hesitation. The magistrate demanded to know in what manner the gentlemen lived, who, without making any reply, opened the door of a closet, and shewed him a large sum of money, which he said was all he had for his assistance to carry him through life. He added, that as he was a native of Spain, and as the Spaniards had the utmost aversion to true industry, so he had resolved to follow their example. The magistrate seemed in every respect satisfied with his answer, and told him that nothing could give him greater pleasure than a share of his friendship. He invited him to his house, and having taken his leave, Gil Blas, who had overheard the whole of the conversation, conducted him to the door, blessing his stars that he had escaped with such a good grace, from what he imagined to be a snare that would have consigned him to a dungeon, and conducted him to a gibbet.

Gil Blas, according to his usual manner, went out to stroll about the city, but had scarce proceeded above the length of two streets, when he met Rinaldo, the captain of the gang of robbers, who had taken him into the subterranean habitation. He was so much surpris'd that he knew not what to say, and much more so when he considered that the head captain of such a lawless gang was thus permitted to walk at large in the streets of a public city.

They went together to a tavern, where Rinaldo informed Gil Blas that he had been taken prisoner, but that some persons who had been robbed by him, and whom he had treated with humanity, made such intercession for him, that he was set at liberty; but as he could not find any sort of useful employment, he was determined to join another gang of robbers; and solicited Gil Blas to accompany him. His proposal, however, was rejected, and both took their leave of each other in the most seemingly amicable manner.

As they went out of the tavern, the master of Gil Blas happened to be going past the door, and looked at his servant and the captain in the most significant manner. Gil Blas did not form any suspicions, and for that night attended his master as usual, but next morning, when he attended as before, his master made him a small present, and told him he had no further service for him. The truth is, he did not much approve of the looks of the captain, and the more he interrogated Gil Blas concerning him, the less satisfactory were the answers he received. He learned, however, that the captain was not one of those persons that was proper to be the companion of his servant; nor did he approve of seeing common servants spending their time at taverns. He wished him all manner of happiness, but told him, that he must look out for another place, as he could not, consistent with the regard he had for his character, keep a person any longer in his family of whom he had such strong grounds of suspicion.

Gil

Gil Blas went as soon as he was discharged from his master, to visit his generous friend the woollen-draper, who told him, that he need not make himself in the least uneasy, as he knew a gentleman, who at that time happened to want a servant. The person to whose service he was to be introduced, was a young beau, and who bought most of his cloth of the woollen-draper. His valet had been lately discharged, and as the recommendation given him of Gil Blas was altogether satisfactory, no objection was made to him. He had not been above two hours in the house, when his master sent for the steward, and told him, that he had had a bad run at play, and that he had lost all his money, so he must on any account procure some more, lest he should be brought into disgrace among his companions.

The steward, who was well acquainted with his master's disposition, as well as his circumstances went out, and in a few minutes returned with an old usurer, who made it his common practice to lend money to such needy persons as had proper security to give. This usurer immediately advanced what he wanted, and as soon as he was gone, the young beau sent one half of it to a lady, with whom he had been engaged the night before. Some other young beaus arrived at the same time, and the time was for some hours spent in making themselves merry, at the expence of the usurer, whose real advantage was much more solid than any of their unnecessary fallies of what is too commonly, though very unjustly, called mirth.

When Gil Blas had assisted his master to dress, he set out to attend him, along with some other lacquies, who were then at the same time along with their masters, and who were all going on the same errand, namely, to spend the evening in riot, gaming, debauchery, and every other sort of dissipation, that can serve to degrade the nature of man down to that of the brutes that perish.

There is nothing more common than for those of an inferior station to imitate the manners of their superiors, and Gil Blas found it so, for no sooner had his master, with his companions, taken their places at the gaming-table than the party-coloured fraternity went to regale themselves in the hall, each assuming the character and even the name of his respective master. Festivity and mirth were continued without interruption, till the company found it necessary to go home, and then our gentlemen of the cloth were obliged to divest themselves of their assumed characters, and appear in no higher a station than that of humble footmen.

Next day, about noon, Gil Blas dressed his master as usual, and as he was that day to be present at a feast, all the footmen and valets prepared to share of the entertainment. The evening was spent in the usual manner, and next morning when Gil Blas waited on his master, he was asked how he liked his employment, especially as he was so often admitted to the company of so many young noblemen. Gil Blas answered that he did not in some respects like his situation, but he doubted not but in time he should become more and more reconciled to it.

it. His dissipated manner of living made him change his manners in the most remarkable degree. From a plain rustic he became an arrant coxcomb, and some of his companions having told him that they assumed what character they pleased, he resolved to prosecute the same plan.

Accordingly he took a rich suit of clothes from his master's wardrobe, which he lodged at the house of a barber, where he could have an opportunity of dressing, without being discovered by any in the family. His design was to sall out every evening in quest of adventures, not doubting but that in time he would be able to procure a rich heiress, or a widow with such a jointure as would make him live like one of the Spanish Dons, for it is well known that no women are more fond of the most romantic intrigues than the women of Spain.

It was not long before he met with an opportunity of putting his resolution in practice, for one night as he was crossing a street he saw a lady come out of a small house and go into a hackney-coach. He was so struck with her appearance that he resolved to profit by the discovery, and going towards the door of the house from whence she came, he was invited in by an old woman, who sat at the parlour window. He had scarce seated himself when the old woman informed him, that she had often taken notice of him, and believed him to be a young lord, a circumstance very pleasing to Gil Blas, who had then assumed that character, and told her on the faith of a courtier, that he was deeply enamoured of the lady, and would be under the highest obligation to her if she would only

favour him with an interview. He added that nothing should be wanting on his part to make her an adequate recompence, upon which she gave him to understand, that the lady was a young widow, who, contrary to her own inclination had been married to an old don who was lately dead.

This conversation being over, the lady arrived in the same hackney-coach, in which our adventurer had seen her the night before, and as soon as she made her appearance in the parlour, Gil Blas threw himself at her feet, and declared his passion in terms of the most extravagant nature. As he had acquired a large stock of impudence in the company of his brother valets, so in consequence of their instructions, he assumed the name of his master, in order to carry on the farce with a better grace. The lady made no other reply but that she should be glad to see him at another time, and Gil Blas returned to the house of the barber, where he stripped off his clothes in order to attend his master at the gaming-house, where he found him in more than good humour in consequence of his good luck at play. His master having given him some money to spend, he set out for a tavern, where he was joined by several of his brother laquies with their dulcenias, and the character of their masters were murdered in the most unmerciful manner.

The evening being far spent, our gentlemen of the party-coloured fraternity, retired to the houses of their respective masters; and next day the master of Gil Blas was waited on by some of those who call themselves the grandees of Spain.

Several

Several of them recounted the many strange adventures they had been engaged in, but all of so trifling a nature, that they do not deserve to be mentioned. Gil Blas considered himself as extremely happy in his service, but he was soon disappointed in all the hopes he had formed, for one morning his master was killed in a duel, so that he was obliged to look out for a new place.

Having some money in his pocket, he went to the house of the barber, where he usually deposited his clothes, and remained with him for some time, not knowing what course to pursue, till at last recollecting that he could shift his dress, he resolved to make his appearance once more at the house of the old beldam, where the young widow visited. This scheme however did not succeed according to his expectation, for, upon his second introduction, he found that the lady was no other than one of the actresses. Gil Blas had no objection to a temporary connection with a woman of her character, especially as he had a lively imagination, and was extremely fond of theatrical entertainments. He accordingly became acquainted with the players, and was entered among them, and his enamorata did every thing in her power to make his time agreeable, for she was not so chaste as the wife of the gentleman who soaked his crusts in the water. She took care to lay one night with an emperor, a second with a king, and a third with a prince, so that Gil Blas, with a very scanty subsistence was more happy than some of those who conducted the greatest part of the play. Some words indeed often happened between him and his spouse. But these, like all other disputes, were terminat-

ed in the most amicable manner, without any dangerous consequences arising from them.

It is often a happy circumstance for youth, that the seeds of virtue and religion will remain in the mind, even in the midst of folly and dissipation.

Gil Blas, although a gay young man, yet soon became disgusted with the players. He wished for a more regular life, which would afford him at least some little time for reflection, and enable him to act the part of a rational creature. In pursuance of that virtuous resolution, he forsook the players, and fortunately happening to meet the steward of his former master, he was by him recommended to a place.

This new master to whom he was recommended by the steward, was Don Vincent de Guzman, an old rich nobleman, who had lived many years in the most peaceable manner, without either tampering with physic or entangling himself in law-suits. His younger years had been spent in the army, but ever since the death of his lady he had spent most of his time in the education of his only daughter, who was then twenty-six years of age. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to relate to his friends an account of the numerous battles in which he had been engaged, and the different breaches he had mounted.

Gil Blas soon discovered that he had got a good place, nor was he long in it when he began to imagine, that, Aurora, the young lady, his master's only daughter, was in love with him. She seldom met him without stealing a look that indicated passion; upon which Gil Blas

Blas resolved to take every opportunity of dressing himself to the best advantage.

The young lady, according to the Spanish custom, had a duenna, or old woman, to attend her, but she was somewhat different from those of the same class. She was affable and agreeable, and often took notice that Gil Blas was one of the most handsome young fellows she had ever seen.

The name of this woman was Ortiz, and one day having called our adventurer aside, she told him, that if he would be in the garden after it was dark he might hear of something that would not be displeasing to him. He waited with the utmost impatience till the time appointed, and then went to the place, but did not meet any one, for he had come sooner than was agreed on.

At last the happy time arrived, and Ortiz coming up to him, desired him to follow her. She conducted him through a narrow passage that led to the young lady's apartment. The young lady received him with every mark of respect, and told him that he must be convinced that unless she had more than an ordinary regard for him, she would never have admitted him at that time into her apartment. Our adventurer, who was all in raptures, started up, and then in all the attitudes of a stage hero, threw himself at her feet, and uttered several incoherent expressions, very suitable to the character of lovers.

The lady, not to keep him any longer in suspense, told him, that she had it in her power to make his fortune, but in a way different from what he seemed to expect: she said that the whole

whole of her happiness in this world would depend on his fidelity in keeping a secret what she was going to communicate, and his integrity in managing such things as she should employ him. In a word, the lady was in love with Don Lewis Paches, a young nobleman of illustrious birth, and she wanted Gil Blas to enquire minutely into his character and connections.

She then left off speaking, and Gil Blas having promised the strictest fidelity, retired to his chamber not a little mortified, and even vexed at his disappointment. At last reason got the better of passion, and he began to consider that it might be much more for his interest to be the confidant, than the lover of the lady. Next day he went and made several enquiries concerning the young nobleman, but did not receive any satisfactory answer. This made him renew the same practice the day following, when happening to meet a young man in the street, they stopped to speak, and another servant came up, who informed them that he had been just then turned away from the service of Don Paches the father of Don Lewis, on suspicion of having drank a cask of wine. This was a very happy circumstance, for the servant gave him all the information he could expect, and after treating him at a tavern, he returned home in order to communicate the particulars to his lady. At the usual time he went into the garden, and when the clock struck twelve, he was conducted to the young lady's apartment, who waited for him with the utmost impatience.

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He then told her that Don Lewis was just on the point of setting out to finish his studies at Salamanca; that he had many fine accomplishments, but like most of the young nobility he was very rakish, and had at that time two actresses in keeping. The lady was a good deal shocked, but recovering herself, she told Gil Blas that she would endeavour to conquer a passion, to which the object seemed so unworthy. She made him a present of twenty pistoles, desiring him never to mention the affair to any one, and he promising inviolate secrecy, retired to his own apartment.

Soon after this adventure, Don Vincent, the father of Aurora, was taken ill. Two of the most eminent physicians were sent for, and a curious dispute ensued between them, as is usual on these occasions, till at last Don Vincent made choice of him who had dispatched the greatest number, namely, the oldest. This gentleman of the faculty was just such another as Dr. Sangrado, and in less than two days he killed Don Vincent in the most regular and orderly manner. His daughter having celebrated his funeral, took possession of his estate, and then retired with as many of the servants as were necessary, to a castle she had in the country.

Gil Blas was retained as her principal servant, and he was a very necessary one, for notwithstanding the unfavourable account she had received of Don Lewis, yet she was still in love with him; she found it was not such an easy matter to conquer that passion as she had at first imagined. She told Gil Blas, that she had formed the resolution of setting out for Salamanca in the dress of a cavalier, under the assumed name
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of Don Felix, and that she would make Don Lewis, her companion. That she would often mention to him the name of Aurora de Guzman, not doubting but he would express a desire to see her, and then her end would be fully answered. She added, that she would take two separate lodgings at Salamanca, in one of which she would pass for Don Felix, and in the other for Aurora.

Gil Blas approved of her scheme, and such of the servants as could be trusted, were appointed to act their different parts. They then returned to Madrid, where Don Lewis was still, and orders were given to have proper dresses made. Don Lewis happening to set out in a few days, Aurora, with Gil Blas, and the rest of the company began their journey, in order to put their scheme in practice.

When they had got a few days on their journey, the axle of the coach broke down near a spacious castle, situated at the foot of a mountain. As they were consulting on the most proper means to be used in order to extricate themselves out of this difficult situation, a peasant came up and told them, that the house belonged to Donna Elvira, widow of Don Pedro de Pinares, a lady of great hospitality to strangers in distress.

Gil Blas was sent to the lady, who received him in a most polite manner, and ordered that her servants should immediately go and assist the travellers. These orders were punctually obeyed, and Aurora, with her attendants, received in the most hospitable manner. She shewed Aurora all the curiosities in her house, particularly her paintings, some of which were extremely fine,
especially

especially one, which so much engaged the attention of Aurora, that she could not refrain from asking what it represented. The lady answered, that the picture was a true representation of the distresses of her family, and then related her story to the following import:

She told her, that Roger, king of Sicily, had a brother and sister, who were of such turbulent dispositions, that they stirred up a rebellion in his kingdom. The rebellion was, however, soon quashed, and the king's brother having two sons, he resolved, if possible, to get them into his power, lest they should imitate the conduct of their father. He succeeded so far; but having imparted his design of murdering the young princess, to his prime minister, that nobleman dissuaded him from it, proposing that they should be brought up suitable to their rank. Accordingly, they were put under proper tutors, and the minister himself undertook the education of the eldest. He took him with him to his country seat, and gave him such instructions as were consistent with his dignity, not doubting but he would one day mount the throne of Sicily. The minister had two daughters, and as the eldest was extremely handsome, it was not long before the prince fell in love with her.

It was not long before the lovers came to understand each other, and the young prince, whose name was Henriquez, became quite impatient for the enjoyment of the beloved object. The minister happened at that time to go on a journey into some remote part of the kingdom, and during his absence Henriquez contrived to make a passage that led to the young lady's apartment; and
however

however imprudent such a step might be, yet our lovers took care not to do any thing but what was consistent with the strict rules of virtue.

In the mean time, while the lovers contrived to indulge themselves in this manner, the king was taken extremely ill, and as Leontia (for that was the minister's name) had no thoughts of the prince's affection for his daughter, he resolved to marry her to the constable of Sicily, a man of great power and riches. As the king did not live much longer, so the prince Henriquez was left his sole heir and successor to his uncle, and the first news of that event was communicated to him by Leontio, the prime minister, in the presence of his daughter. The prince told Leontio that he might continue still in office, and having given him orders to prepare every thing for his coronation, the minister set out for Palermo, the young king promising to follow him in a few hours.

The princess Constantia sat on the right hand of the king when he mounted the throne, and the will of the late king being read, it was found that the crown was left to Henriquez, upon condition that he should marry the princess Constantia; but if he refused to comply, the crown was to descend to Don Pedro, his brother. This was such an unexpected stroke, that the king knew not what to say, but dissembling his sentiments, he made the whole assembly of the nobles believe that he would in every thing comply with the will of the late king, not doubting but he would some way or other find out a method of evading it, and so make himself happy in the enjoyment of his beloved mistress.

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He had scarce done speaking, when Blanche, the daughter of Leontio came into the hall. The king was so much affected, that he knew not what to say, but Leontio, who began to have some suspicion of his daughter's real intentions, hurried her out of the hall, and having conducted her home to his own house, where she fainted away in the arms of her father; but again recovering the use of her senses, she told the whole affair to her father, and concluded by assuring him that she could not live any longer.

Her father left her for the night, not doubting but she would be of a different opinion, and so it happened, for in the height of despair she spent the night, and next day was married to the constable. When the evening came, and the bridegroom and bride were left together, Blanche pretended to be indisposed, and although they went to bed, yet the night was spent without their ever coming near each other, a circumstance not very common. The constable, who had wearied himself in striving to find out the reason of this strange behaviour, about three in the morning, thought he heard some person walking in the room.

Jealousy inflamed his passion to the utmost, and getting out of bed, he laid hold of his sword, and ran towards the place whence he thought the noise proceeded from. The person seemed to retreat, upon which he called his servants up, and took care that all the passages leading to the house should be so guarded, that no one should get out. No person, however, was to be found; and Leontio endeavoured to persuade the constable, that the whole was the effort of his own disordered imagination. The truth is, the stranger
was

was no other than the king, who having been brought up in the house, knew all the different apartments, and as he had still the key of the secret passage that led to Blanche's apartment, so he got in by it, and when opposed, let himself out by the same passage. From thence he went through the garden, and having mounted his horse, continued his journey to Palermo, where he arrived a little before day-break.

Next day, he ordered all his attendants to prepare for a hunting-match, and as they came near the castle of Leontio, the king contrived to steal away from his company, hoping that by some means or other, he would have an opportunity of seeing Blanche. He rode up towards the part adjoining to the house, and saw two women in close conversation together, one of whom he recollected to be his once beloved mistress.

A few words on both sides discovered to the king, that his mistress was separated from him for ever, and she having upbraided him with his infidelity, in making a public declaration of his intention to marry the princess, got up and attempted to return home ; but the king insisted on her staying till she had told him who was her husband, upon which being informed they both parted.

The king, who was distracted with jealousy, love and resentment, sent the officer of his guards to bring the constable prisoner to Palermo, which he did, and secured him in the castle. His father-in-law, the chief minister, went to offer security for the constable, and told the king the whole affair at the same time, endeavouring to
bring

bring his mind to reason, but all in vain, for he would not listen to any thing.

The constable, who still remained in prison, began to discover the real cause why Blanche would not admit him to her embraces. Fired with jealousy, he prevailed on the governor of the castle to permit him to go out for one night, promising to return in the morning, and his request being granted, he mounted on horse-back and rode to the house of Leontio. Having concealed himself in his anti-chamber, he waited till Blanche was gone to bed, and meeting her waiting maid, took no notice of her, but listened with attention to hear if any person was conversing with her. It happened that the king had set out much about the same time with the constable, and entering by the private passage, came to her bed-chamber just as the servant was gone. The king said all he could to vindicate himself with respect to his promise to the princess; but just as they were talking, the constable rushed in, and a furious combat ensued. The king was so outrageous, that he killed the constable, who in the agony of his rage, had first stabbed Blanche through the body. Leontio, the father, beheld with the feelings of a parent, the many unhappy consequences that had attended his own imprudence, in not consulting his daughter's inclinations. The king, on the other hand, never married, and although the kingdom had been left him upon condition of his espousing the princess, yet he still refused to comply, and in consequence thereof, a strong party was formed against him. Don Pedro married the princess, not doubting but in consequence thereof, he would be able to dethrone

dethrone his brother, but all his schemes were rendered abortive, and he was obliged to relinquish his pretensions, and retire to a private station. Henriquez continued king of Sicily many years, and his subjects were happy under him, but he adhered to his resolution of never entering into the marriage state. Leontio not being able to overcome his afflictions, and tortured with the thoughts of remaining in his native country, left Sicily, and taking his whole effects with his youngest daughter along with him, landed in Spain; there he purchased the castle where our travellers now resided, and having married his daughter to a Spanish nobleman, died and left her his whole fortune. Don Pedro, another nobleman of Spain, married this lady, and lived with her many years in a very happy state, but had been dead some time, and she told Aurora, that she was determined to live in a retired manner during the remainder of her time in this world.

Aurora, who was sensibly touched with the misfortunes of the lady's family, said every thing she could to convince her, that she sympathized with her, and having received every necessary assistance, she thanked her in the most polite manner, and then took her leave.

Nothing of any consequence happened to our travellers, till they arrived at Salamanca, where Aurora first took lodgings for herself, under the character of a woman, and then having changed her dress, she went and hired lodgings as if she had been a young nobleman coming to finish his studies at the university. At the last place the landlady told her, that she had no other lodgers,
but

but that she expected a young nobleman from Madrid, whose name was Don Lewis. Aurora was quite surpris'd, and being eager to know his real character, the good woman inform'd her that he was one of the most accomplish'd young nobleman in Spain, and that he was continually engag'd in intrigues, for no sooner did a young lady see him, than she was in love with him.

She had scarce done speaking, when they heard a coach come into the yard, and looking out at the window, they discover'd Don Lewis and his valet, they having that instant arriv'd from Madrid. He was immediately introduced to Aurora, who act'd her part so well, that he really took her for what she pretended to be.

The mutual compliments being over, Don Lewis retir'd to his apartment, in order to take a little rest, and, in the mean time, a letter came to him from the daughter of a rich lawyer, which was put into the hands of Aurora. Upon opening it, she found it contain'd the most passionate sentiments of love, and as her jealousy was wound up to the highest pitch, she thought of a stratagem, by which she might break off the correspondence.

In the evening, Don Lewis came to supper, and the conversation turn'd upon intrigues, when Aurora, who still continued to act her part well, told him, that she had been once before at the celebrated city of Salamanca, and that she had made many conquests, among whom was the lawyer's daughter. Don Lewis was quite confounded, which Aurora seeing, dissimul'd in the most ingenuous manner, and told him that he was so extremely handsome, there was no wonder that

that every woman should fall in love with him. She then sent for pens, ink, and paper, and wrote an answer to the letter that had been sent, and according to the Spanish custom, there was no directions upon it.

Gil Blas was sent to deliver this letter, and being introduced to the young lady, she read it with marks of astonishment. She could scarce credit the evidence of her own senses, and asked our adventurer, whether Don Lewis was not gone mad. He answered, that some person had prepossessed him against her, upon which, with the most disdainful air, she bid him go and inform him, that she despised him, and would never for the future receive any of his visits. This was just what our adventurer wanted, and, returning home, told Don Lewis and his mistress, of the reception he had met with, saying every thing he could to exasperate them the more against her. They both laughed heartily at the adventure, and the young lady, who had assumed the name of Don Felix, told Don Lewis that he would introduce him to his cousin Donna de Guzman. This proposal being agreed to, they both retired to rest, and next morning went out to walk, accompanied by their respective valets.

Aurora took an opportunity of speaking in praise of her cousin (as she called her) Donna de Guzman, and told him that although she was not a beauty, yet she had many fine accomplishments that could not fail of rendering her amiable in the esteem of the male sex in general.

Don Lewis was all impatience to see her and Aurora, in order to carry on the farce with the
better

better grace, told him that she would conduct him to her lodgings, but when she came there, Ortiz, the waiting woman, who had been properly instructed for the purpose, told them that her mistress was just gone to sleep, and that she would not be at leisure to see company till next morning.

This answer seemed to satisfy both the dons, so that they retired in good humour, and spent the remainder of the day, at the house of Don Pedros, a Spanish nobleman, where they remained till two o'clock next morning. On their return home, they happened to stumble over two men, and the patrolle coming up, would have taken them into custody as murderers, had not they discovered that they were no other than a priest and his servant, who had been intoxicating themselves at an evening's debauch, and had laid themselves down, like beasts in the street.

Leaving the two drunkards in the street, they proceeded home, and next morning, at breakfast, the conversation turned upon the merits of Donna Aurora de Guzman, whom Don Felix was impatient to see. While they were speaking, a servant came from Ortiz, with a note addressed to Don Felix, desiring him to come to her lodgings immediately, upon which she told Don Lewis, that she would meet him either at the black horse, near the university, or he might call on him at his cousin's lodgings in the afternoon. This was what Don Lewis wished for, and going out to transact some private business, Don Felix, with Gil Blas, set out for the place where a new scene was to be represented.

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When they arrived Don Felix took care to change his dress as soon as possible, and Gil Blas was ordered to retire, and come again at a fixed hour with a message to Don Lewis. Don Lewis came at the time fixed, and entered into conversation with Aurora, who received him in the most complaisant manner. He had no notion that she was the same person who appeared under the character of Don Felix, and therefore he became violently in love with her. In the midst of their conversation, Gil Blas came in, and informed Don Lewis that Don Felix could not wait on him according to his promise, because he was engaged with some persons who had come from Toledo, on business of the utmost importance.

Aurora pretended to be in a most violent passion that her cousin did not come at the time appointed, but Don Lewis made all the excuses he could for him, and then took his leave, repeating as he went out, that he never met with so accomplished a woman before. As soon as he was gone, Aurora undressed herself, and again assumed the character of Don Felix, after which she went out and in the public walks met with Don Lewis. She told him that she was sorry she could not meet him at the time appointed, but now he would spend the evening with him. Don Lewis embraced her in the most tender manner, and told her that Aurora was so like Don Felix, that there could remain no doubt of their being nearly related.

A farce of this nature could not be carried on without coming to a conclusion, and therefore Don Felix next day told Don Lewis that her cousin would see him in the afternoon, but that he

he would go and prepare her for his reception. Don Lewis embraced the proposal, and Don Felix setting out for the house of Ortiz, assumed again her proper dress. Don Lewis was punctual to his time, and when he sat down he enquired for his dear friend Don Felix. Aurora told him that he was only gone out on a little business, and that he would be there presently, so that love made the time pass off agreeably. At last, he began to be impatient for the return of his friend, which Aurora taking notice of, resolved not to keep him in suspense any longer.

She told him the whole nature of the stratagem she had laid, in order to make him her own, and said, she wondered how he could be so long deceived as not to know that she was no other than his friend Don Felix. Don Lewis, without any ceremony, threw himself at her feet, and professed himself attached to her for ever. No time was to be lost, and our lovers setting out next morning for Madrid, were married as soon as they arrived in that city.

Within a few weeks after their marriage, Aurora called Gil Blas into her closet, and told him that her husband's uncle, an old rich nobleman, had conceived a liking for him, and at the same time making him a present of a hundred pistoles, gave him a strong recommendation to his new service.

The name of his new master was Don Gonzales, an old debauchee, who had gone through every scene of wickedness, and although sinking under the decays of nature, was still in his own mind a slave to the fair sex. He told Gil Blas that he

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was one of the most proper persons he could think of to assist him in his amours, for being in love with a young lady, he wanted one to act the part of a confidant between them. Gil Blas was much shocked when he saw an old debauchee thirsting for the enjoyments of beloved objects, while he was altogether emaciated, but much more so, when he saw him dress as if he had been no more than five and twenty. He considered him in the most odious light, but resolved to make the best of a good place, and not part with it till he had procured one more to his satisfaction.

The name of the fair lady, to whom he paid his addresses, was Euphrasia, and was one of those women who may inspire a temporary passion, but are not able to make sure of the object any longer than the gratification is obtained. Gil Blas having conducted his master to the apartments of this antiquated dame, he left them together, and adjourned to the kitchen, where he met with an old woman whom he had known formerly, when he was among the players. They soon recognized each other, and both agreed, that their present stations was much superior to what they enjoyed when in the service of the actors.

Next morning Gil Blas was sent to Euphrasia with a billet, but how great was his surprise when he found that she was more in love with him than with his master. She told him, that as his master was now grown old and very sickly, it was necessary to watch him, and give her an account of his proceedings from time to time. He was to take care that he did not leave his fortune to any
other

other but her. He promised to do as she desired him, but upon his return home he began to consider that it would be more consistent with true honour, and the obligations he was under to the family, to detach the old nobleman, if possible, from his mistress.

One morning, when he went with a letter to the lady, he observed the feet of a man concealed behind the screen in her bed-chamber, and returned and told his master. The old nobleman, though in his dotage, was not to be trifled with, and therefore thanking Gil Blas for his fidelity, told him that he would go to her lodgings, and load her with the bitterest reproaches. Accordingly he went out, and Gil Blas doubted not but he would be well rewarded for his fidelity. He was, however, mistaken, for when the old nobleman came home, he told him that he had misrepresented his fair mistress, that she was one of the most virtuous women in the world, and that the tears ran down from her lovely eyes, when he spoke of the crime with which she was accused.

This was fatal news to Gil Blas, and the more so, when he found that the lady had blackened his character, by representing him as one who was in confederacy with his masters relations, to get him to make a will in their favour. He was then told, that he must depart from his service, but as the old don knew that he had been a faithful servant, and that as he turned him away for no other reason but that of pleasing his mistress, so he generously made him a present of fifty ducats, over and above his wages.

He at the same time gave him a good recom-
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mendation

commendation to the marchioness of Chaves, a lady reputed to be extremely rich, a great wit, and one whose house was continually resorted to by all the wits in Madrid. There was scarce an author who would publish a work before it had been perused by her, but it often happened that many pieces approved of by her were condemned by the public.

In this reputable family Gil Blas was to act the part of groom of the chamber, that is to see that every thing was placed in proper order for the reception of the company, after which he was to wait in an antichamber, and introduce the guests in form. The governor of the pages, an artful fellow, but well acquainted with the greatest families, told Gil Blas, that he would describe the characters of the guests as they went in, which was a very agreeable circumstance to our adventurer.

The first that entered was a bishop, who, by some favour at court had risen to the mitre, and though destitute of merit, was always offering his services to every one, without performing his promise to any.

The second who made his appearance was the son of a grandee, an ardent coxcomb, who spent his time in visiting the families of the nobility, and retailing scandal from place to place. The next that entered were two ladies, the one a modest sensible person, but the other one of those females, who, forgetting the duties of their sex, spend their time in disputing on subjects they are not in the least acquainted with. God grant,

grant, said the page, that we may have no disputes about religion here to-day.

A poor poet made his appearance next, who looked as meagre as if he had starved on the mountain of Parnassus. Many others, all extraordinary in their way came in, and were received in the politest manner. The conversation that took place was for the most part truly ridiculous, for, although some of them were acquainted with the learned languages, yet they could scarce speak common sense.

Next morning an old hump-back man presented himself at the door, and desired to speak with the marchioness, and being introduced to her, was received with all the marks of respect. This fellow was one of those sycophants who live at large on the public, and at the same time acted as a gallant to several of the ladies, notwithstanding his deformity. Among others was the marchioness of Chaves, and so much was she enamoured of him, that she gave Gil Blas strict orders to conduct him into her apartment in the most private manner, from whence it may be inferred what was his business. Gil Blas continued in this service about six months, but was obliged to leave it in a singular manner. One of the maids, whose name was Portia, happened to captivate the affections of Gil Blas, and that circumstance enraged the lady's secretary so much that he sent our hero a challenge. Accordingly they met in a field near the city, and as the secretary was an exceeding good swordsman, he disarmed his antagonist, and made him promise that he would leave the service of the marchioness

that day, and never more renew his addresses to Portia.

Accordingly he set out the same day for Toledo, a place he had long wished to see, and took up his lodgings at a very genteel inn, for he had money and clothes that enabled him to make a fine appearance. He did not, however, find any employment in that city, and so after seeing every thing curious in it, he set out for Cuença, with an intention to travel to Arragon. On the second day of his journey he happened to go into an inn, where he heard some soldiers talking of a young gentleman whom they wanted to apprehend, and as Gil Blas did not seem to take any notice of them, so when he had refreshed himself he continued on his journey, leaving them over their cups. He had not, however, travelled above an hour, when he met a young gentleman on horseback, and not doubting but he was the person they were in search of, he told him the affair, and it was agreed that they should shelter themselves in a grove till evening. All this being done, they travelled to the other side of the grove, where they found a hermitage cut out of a rock.

At the door of the cave they met the hermit, an old reverend man, stooping under the infirmities of age, and they begged that he would grant them shelter in the hermitage. He made them welcome, and as there was a great rain at the time, he desired them to remain with him all the night, and accept of such accommodation as he could afford. His whole food consisted of a few onions, a crust of bread, and a pitcher of water; but that given with cheerfulness, is better

better than the most delicate viands in the universe.

The hermit having told them that he had once lived in the greatest gaiety, the young gentleman fetched a deep sigh, and told him, that he believed one of his character would not do him any injury if he related to him his adventures. The hermit promised the most inviolate secrecy, upon which the unfortunate young gentleman spoke as follows :

“ I was born in the celebrated city of Madrid ; for one evening as the baron de Steinbach was going home, he found, seemingly, a bundle of clothes in the street, and taking it home, found a child in it, with a paper fixed to it, intimating that it was the son of a Spanish grandee, and that its name was Alphonso. I am that infant, and to do justice to the baron and his lady, they brought me up in the most tender manner. They gave me all the education that could be had, and when I grew up the baron procured me an ensign’s commission. He revealed to me the secret of my being found in the street, and soon after I was sent to the army in Flanders ; when the war was over I returned to Madrid, and was treated in the same tender manner as before by the baron and his lady.

“ Next day I received a letter from a widow, who lived in the same street, desiring me to meet her at her parlour window about eleven o’clock at night. Although I did not like such forwardness in a widow, yet I thought it a point of honour to meet her, but before I got to the window I was accosted by a gentleman on horseback, who alighting, drew his sword, and com-

manded me, if I valued my life, never to return to that place. Without stopping to expostulate with him, I drew, and gave him a mortal wound, after which I mounted his horse and rode off towards Toledo. I travelled all night, and the next day, without meeting with any thing remarkable; but in the evening the rain and thunder were so violent, that I went up towards a house that stood near the road, the door of which I found open. Having confined my horse in the summer-house, I went into the saloon, which was furnished in the most magnificent manner, but still I did not so much as discern one living creature. At last going from one room to another, I saw a young lady asleep in bed, but her appearance prevented me from offering her any injury. I had not been long in the room when the lady awoke, and seeing me began to scream out in the most violent manner. I kneeled before her, and begged she would not be afraid, as I would not offer her any injury. I was afraid that I should be roughly handled by her domestics, but none came to her assistance, except an old man, who did not offer me the least injury. She then resumed courage, and snatching up the candle went through all the rooms in the house. She said she was sure I was one of the confederates of Don Fernando de Leyva, but I swore to her by all that was sacred, that I was a gentleman in distress, and that I had come into the house to avoid the severity of the storm.

“ Upon that the lady became appeased, and told me that all her suspicions were now vanished. She added that Don Fernando was in love with
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with her sister Julia, and that her father, the Count de Polan, had refused her in marriage, because of a grudge that remained between their families. She told me that Don Fernando had that night taken her sister away by force, and conjured me to go and find him out if he was in the whole kingdom of Spain. Little did she think that I was one who was every moment in danger of being apprehended for the affair at Madrid; but, without taking any notice of that, I immediately set out in quest of Don Fernando. Love was the powerful motive that led me on.

“ I spent two days in a fruitless search, and then returned to Seraphina, (for that was the name of the lady) and was informed that her sister was married to Don Fernando, and that she was then in a convent at Toledo. She was curious to learn my name, and what had brought me from Madrid, upon which I recounted to her the whole particulars, and in return begged to hear her story.

“ She told me, that about three years ago her father had obliged her to marry Don Diego de Lara, a gay nobleman, but one of such sensibility that he carried it even to excess. He bore a commission in the army, which induced him to go into the low countries, where he was killed, fighting for his country.

“ She had scarce finished her story when a messenger arrived from her father, with a letter, informing her that the son of the Count de Steinbach had killed her brother, and that he was resolved to find him out, wherever he was. You need not doubt but I was struck with the utmost astonishment, but as no time was to be lost, I

mounted my horse, and set out for Toledo, where I staid several weeks, without taking care to conceal myself. Yesterday I left that city and came to this place, where you received me kindly, and I am now in your power, you may do what you please with one whose life is but of little value."

When he had done speaking, the hermit told him he had staid too long at Toledo: and just at that instant another hermit arrived, with a wallet on his back, well stuffed with provisions. He was not so old as the other hermit, and had a long brown beard. He said he had been at Cuenca and that some persons were coming there next day in search of him, but declared that none of them should catch him. Upon that both the hermits pulled off their clothes, but how was Gil Blas surprized when in the one he discovered Don Raphael, the pretended brother of Camilla, and Ambrose his footman, who had robbed him after he was set at liberty from the highwaymen.

They told him that they rambled from one part of the country to another, under the character of hermits, and having prevailed on Gil Blas and Alphonso to accompany them; they set out the same night, and before morning arrived in the middle of a thick wood, where they sat down, and having turned out the horses to graze, they eat very heartily of the contents of the pretended hermits wallets.

When they had eaten a hearty meal Don Raphael told them, that he was the son of an actress at Madrid, but as for his father he was totally unacquainted with him. That when he grew
up

up his mother brought him upon the stage, and soon after that he was taken into the service of the Marquis de Leganez, to attend his son, Young Leganez was a dull stupid boy, who could not learn any thing, and as his preceptors were not allowed to chastise him, so Don Raphael was made choice of by those drones to suffer in his stead. For every blunder he committed Don Raphael had at least a hundred lashes, till at last not being able to endure such inhuman treatment, he ran away, and took with him all the preceptors money. He travelled from place to place, and one day stopped to repose himself under some trees, where he found two young lads talking merrily to each other. He soon learned that they were the sons of two rich citizens, and that having robbed their parents of two hundred pistoles, they had resolved to visit the kingdom of Portugal. Don Raphael had no objection to accompany them, and they having agreed to his proposal, they all set out together for the city of Alcantara, where they arrived in the evening, and took up their lodgings at an inn.

Being shewn into a room, the two young citizens put their knapsacks into a press, and then Don Rapahel proposed that they should take a walk through the city. This was agreed to, and while they were looking at the cathedral, Don Raphael told them that he had a message to deliver, and they having promised to wait till his return, he went back to the inn, and took their money, after which he set out for Merida, without leaving them one penny.

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This money enabled him to travel in a very genteel manner, and having purchased a mule, and converted his wallet into a portmanteau, he began to assume the character of a man of quality. On the third day of his journey, after his adventure, he met a chaunter on the road saying vespers, and who seemed to be a merry agreeable fellow. He told Don Raphael that he had lived several years at Toledo, and that he had many friends in that city, some of whom he named, upon which the other declared he knew them. The chaunter added that he had been obliged to leave that place on account of some tricks he had played, and that he had assumed the habit of a chaunter to avoid suspicion.

Don Raphael, who doubted not but he was as great a rogue as himself, seemed to be much pleased with his company, and they proposed travelling together to Merida. In this agreeable manner they travelled till they arrived at that city, where they put up their mules at an inn. The chaunter having changed his dress, both our adventurers went out in search of prey, but they had only traversed two streets when they found an old man in fierce combat with three young ones. They both flew to his assistance, and having driven his enemies off the field of battle, told him that they were willing to grant him all the assistance that lay in their power.

The old gentleman, whose name was Jerome de Moyadas, thanked them in the most complaisant manner, and told them that he was a man of fortune, that one of the assassins had courted his daughter, and because he would not give his consent to her marrying him, they had way-laid him

him as he was returning home. He added, that he had a brother a merchant, who died a few months before at Calatrava, in the house of his correspondent Juan Velez de Membrilla, and that his daughter was to be married to that gentleman's son, and that he was determined not to break his promise.

While the old gentleman was speaking, Don Raphael, ever-fertile at invention, clasped him in his arms and told him that he was the son of his brother's correspondent, and blessed the happy moment that had brought him to Merida, to save the life of his intended father-in-law. The old gentleman was so credulous that he had not the least suspicion, and therefore invited the two adventurers to his house, but Moralez, the chaunter, who pretended to act the character of a footman to Don Raphael, told them that his master was very ceremonious, that they had been robbed on their journey, so that he could not appear before his mistress till his valet he had dispatched to Calatrava returned. The old gentleman told him that there was no occasion for any ceremony, and insisted that Don Raphael should go home with him to his house.

When they arrived at the house, the old gentleman presented our pretended Don Raphael to his daughter, who received him with the utmost complaisance, and leaving them together, took Moralez into another room, and asked them whether they had lost their money as well as their baggage. Being answered in the affirmative, the old gentleman, with much seeming difficulty, prevailed upon Moralez to accept of

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one hundred pistoles for the use of his master, and then returned to visit the lovers.

He found them in sweet dalliance together, and as Don Raphael knew that no time was to be lost, he begged that their nuptials might be celebrated as soon as possible. Three days were fixed for the happy period, and a thousand ducats were to be the marriage fortune, because of the signal service that the intended son-in-law had done him.

The design of the two villains was to have got the money into their hands, and then to have decamped as soon as possible, but in the mean time the real intended son-in-law arrived and claimed his bride. Don Raphael was at that time gone out, but Moralez calling the old gentleman aside, told him that the person who came to claim his daughter was one of those who had robbed them on the highway. In vain did the young lover attempt to vindicate himself; the old gentleman would not hear him, but ordering him out of the house, declared that the nuptials should be celebrated as soon as Don Raphael came home. Upon his arrival and hearing the whole story, he told the gentleman he was not the person he pretended to be, but that having loved his daughter eight years, he had resolved to demand her in marriage the same day that fortune put it in his power to save his life.

He said that he was the son of an Italian prince, and, although his station was far higher than that of the young lady's, yet he would have sacrificed every thing for her, but as she was promised to another he would not insist any further. But no sooner did the old gentleman
hear

hear that the lover was a prince, than he insisted on his marrying his daughter, hoping thereby to aggrandize the honour of his family. In the mean time young Don Pedro, the real lover, arrived with an officer, and some merchants, all ready to prove the identity of his person, but they were stopped short by the father, who told them that he intended to marry his daughter to an Italian prince, shewing them at the same time Don Raphael at the happy man.

The merchants seemed to be satisfied, but the officer happening to look at Moralez, recollected that he was a thief who had been often a lodger in the common prison. He immediately insisted on taking them into custody, but the old gentleman interceded for them, and by giving the officer a fee it was agreed that they should be set at liberty, on condition of their leaving the town next morning. Happily delivered from this ugly snare, our two adventurers continued their journey till the evening of next day, when they came to a small village, where they found a man and his wife sitting at a door, and by whom they were invited to spend the night, as there was not another village within three leagues. When they had sat a little and rested themselves, several Cavaliers came into the house, and as their company was agreeable, our adventurers proposed supping with them, to which they readily consented. Although they seemed to be on an equality, yet one of them sat at the head of the table, and assumed such airs as indicated that he was somewhat superior to the rest. This gentleman was extremely talkative, and Moralez having learned that he was son of a notary at
Levila.

Levilo, he declared that he was his brother. It seems the gentleman had a brother who had been stolen away in his youth, and he doubted not but this was he. They cordially embraced each other, and supper being over, Moralez took Don Raphael aside, and told him that all those cavaliers were domestics belonging to the governor of Majorca, and that they were escorting their master's baggage to Alicant, where it was to be put on board. He added that his brother was the steward, and as he could not refuse to accompany him, so if he would go on the same journey, he would take care to provide for him. Don Raphael embraced the proposal, and the whole company arriving at Alicant, they embarked on board a vessel, but were next day driven on the shore of an island not far from the continent.

While they remained in that island, they indulged themselves in all sorts of diversions that the place would afford, and one day having discovered a fine stream at the bottom of a rock near the east end of the island, they on their return home, invited their companions to accompany them next day to the place. The governor of the island dissuaded them from it, but Don Raphael, without paying any regard to what he said, set out for the place next morning, along with some others, and they were all taken on board a Barbary corsair, and carried to Algiers. When they arrived at Algiers, Don Raphael was, on account of his skill in music, made choice of to play on the guitar, and lodged among some slaves of the first quality, who were expected to be redeemed soon.

He had not been long there when he was taken notice of by the chief sultana of the dey, or chief prince of the place, who sent him a letter, desiring,

desiring to converse with him. This would have been very agreeable news, had not the scheme been likely to be attended with the most dangerous consequences. But still he was resolved to comply, and after several interviews he was caught one day in conversation with the lady by the dey, who at that instant arrived from the country. It would have been a fatal stroke for poor don, but the lady turning to the dey, said that although appearances were against her, yet she was not criminal, for she had only sent for the young slave in order to convert him to the holy religion of Mahomet, and that she had now brought him over to the religion of the holy prophet.

Accordingly our adventurer was immediately ordered to be circumcised, and for some time he officiated at the prayers in the mosque, as a true son of Mahomet. He did this, however, only in outward appearance, for he used to get drunk with wine at night; and one evening he and his companions who had all apostatized in the same manner, buried a dog according to the rites of the Mahometans. This gave so much offence, that he was next day taken before the chief magistrate, who called him a prophane, sacriligious dog, but Don Raphael having received a present from the Sultana, bribed the magistrate, and so got clear off.

One day a ship came to the harbour filled with slaves, among whom was a young Spanish girl, whom Don Raphael purchased; but how great was his surprize when he looked at a middle aged woman, and found that she was not only mother to the young girl, but also to himself. He immediately purchased them and took them to his house, being curious to know by what
reverse

reverse of fortune his mother had fallen into the hands of these barbarians.

She told him, that having an intrigue with a Spanish duke, a discovery was made by his lady, so that she was obliged to give up all thoughts of any further connection with him. This obliged, or rather induced her to leave Madrid and settle at Valencia, where she was not known. She had not been long there, when a country gentleman fell in love with her, and married her, after which he took her home to his castle, which was in the neighbourhood of that city. She lived with her husband six years, who at that time died, and left his affairs in a very perplexed condition, but the principal creditor being an attorney, he fell in love with the widow, by which means she was extricated out of her difficulties.

With this rapacious attorney she lived four years, when he died and left her a rich widow, so that she was considered as no inconsiderable match for some of the neighbouring gentry. Among others, who came to offer her their hands, was a young Sicilian nobleman, whom she married, and with whom she lived two years, but died in a consumption, leaving her by his will an estate in his native country. This circumstance induced her to embark at Alicant for Palermo, but before she had been a week at sea, she was taken prisoner, and brought to Algiers.

She had not been long there, when, consistent with the rest of her conduct, she fell in love with a Greek slave, and told her son that she intended to change her religion. Don Raphael remonstrated to her on the criminality of such a step, and as she resolved to stay in Algiers, he was determined

mined to take his sister along with him, the dey having given him a vessel to cruize against the Spaniards. This resolution of his so much enraged the mother, that she went and gave information against him. News of this being communicated to Don Raphael, he put to sea immediately, taking his sister along with him, and after a very tedious passage they arrived safe at Leghorn. There he was introduced to the company of an Italian nobleman, who treated him with every mark of respect. There he married his sister to a young gentleman, and then set out for Florence, where he took upon himself the stile of a Spanish don, having brought money with him from Algiers sufficient to support that character.

He soon made himself acquainted with the chief nobility, who introduced him to the grand duke, and he was treated with many marks of respect. The grand duke was extremely fond of jests, and as Don Raphael was an arch-wag, he wrote down every morning as many as he thought would be necessary, and retailed them in the evening to his highness. The favours he daily received made him an object of envy to the rest of the courtiers, who did all in their power to ruin him, but without effect; for the grand duke, who had not any great doubts concerning his real character, resolved to make use of him in one of his love intrigues. He took him one day into his closet, and told him that he was violently in love with the wife of his prime minister, desiring him at the same time to make himself acquainted with her, and do all he could to bring her over to his purpose.

Don

Don Raphael promised to do as he directed, and having procured admittance to the lady, he represented the grand duke in the most favourable light. The lady treated his proposal with the utmost contempt, which vexed him so much, that in order to be revenged on her, he went and told her husband, who immediately caused her to be shut up in a room, with only two women to attend her. He then went and informed the grand duke, who immediately ordered Don Raphael to quit his dominions, for having abused his confidence. He was obliged to obey the royal mandate, and taking shipping at Leghorn, arrived at Barcelona, from whence he proceeded to Madrid, being willing to see once more the place of his nativity.

He had not been long there, when he became acquainted with Camilla, a young woman who acquired money by art, and spent it among sharpers. A mutual passion soon took place, and a resolution was formed by the two lovers, to lay as many travellers under contribution as they could make dupes to their cunning. Things, however, began to wear but a dismal aspect, for they could not procure so much money as they expected, and to add to their misfortunes, the officers of justice were sent in quest of them. This obliged them to leave Madrid, and take the road of Valladolid, when they took a house in that city, under the characters of brother and sister. For some time they affected great modesty, in order to carry on the deception; for nothing can equal the tricks of a hypocrite, when he assumes a false character.

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One day as Don Raphael was walking in the principal street, he was accosted by a man, who told him that he had seen him at Florence, and that he and some others were come to Spain, in order to live by their wits, for they were all sharpers. Don Raphael was immediately introduced to the gang, and entered as one of their number, and then it was that he first became acquainted with Ambrose de Lamela, the roguish hermit. He told our hero, that Ambrose having left them to revisit his native country, did not remain long there, but returning by the way of Burgos, was there hired by an inn-keeper to attend Gil Blas de Santilane. That gave him an opportunity of making himself well-acquainted with his circumstances, and so in consequence thereof, robbed him of both money and effects. Having committed this robbery, Don Raphael and Ambrose, without returning to their companions, left Madrid with their booty, but changing their mind, they travelled to Toledo.

As they had plenty of money, so they assumed the characters of gentlemen; for Don Raphael was such an adept in the whole mystery of cheating, that nothing seemed new to him. It was not long before he fell in love with the wife of a gentleman, who lived in the same city, and with whom he met every evening. This, however, did not last long, for one evening the husband coming home sooner than usual, saw at the window of his own house, Don Raphael and his wife talking together. He did not seem to take much notice of it, and meeting our hero in the street, he wished him a very good night, not seeming to know that he had seen him. Don Raphael was
so

so pleased, that he begged to see him next day in the great square, which the other promised to do, and they were both there at the time, though with different designs.

Don Raphael, notwithstanding all his cunning, yet was duped by the gentleman, who got out of him every secret, and even the place where he was to meet his wife that day. The husband took care to be there at the time, but Don Raphael made his escape out at a back door, and returned to the great square, in order to meet his friend Ambrose.

The husband carried on the deceit with so much art; (for Don Raphael did not know he was her husband) that he advised Don Raphael not to be in the least discouraged, but to be with the lady in the evening, sooner than the usual hour. He promised he would not fail, but to his surprise scarce had he entered the lady's apartment, when the husband and brother, who had watched in a proper place, rushed in and bolted the door. There was no time to hesitate; Don Raphael was obliged to draw his sword, and at one instant he ran the husband through the body, while the brother made his escape. He then returned to meet Ambrose, and having found him, they packed up their most valuable effects, and left the city before day. They travelled through bye-roads, in order to prevent any suspicion, and coming to the hermitage, found the old hermit expiring in the agonies of death.

Having buried him in a decent manner, they proposed to disguise themselves like hermits, and remain still in the cave. All this they performed with so much art, that no person had any suspi-
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cion of them, till at last a discovery being made, in consequence of some of their own imprudent actions, they were obliged to retreat in the manner already mentioned. It was then resolved that they should leave the wood, and travel for some other place where they were not known. Accordingly they began their journey, favoured by the darkness of the night, but before they had proceeded far, they heard some persons at a distance, and likewise saw some lights. Ambrose soon discovered, that the four men were robbers, upon which it was proposed to attack them. This being readily agreed to, they walked softly up, without being heard, and killed them dead on the spot. They then went up to a tree, where they found a man and woman stripped almost naked, and tied hand and foot with a chaise standing beside them. They untied them, and put them into the chaise, telling them they would conduct them to the next inn, which they accordingly did. Having conducted them into a room, Don Alphonso was surprised to find that the persons whom they had delivered were no other than the count and his daughter Seraphina.

In the morning they proceeded on their journey to Toledo, after promising that if Gil Blas, Don Alphonso, and the two others, would wait on him in that city, he would take care to provide for them. This they promised to do, and then betook themselves to another wood near the road, from whence they sent Ambrose to a neighbouring town to buy some provisions. In the evening he returned, and told them that he had learned some tidings of a rich Jew, whom he intended to strip of a little of his ill-gotten riches.

In

In the morning they got up, and having disguised themselves in cloaths, bought by Ambrose for that purpose, they set out, and in the evening arrived at the town, where Ambrose had been the preceding day. Ambrose was to act the part of an inquisitor, Don Raphael that of a secretary, and Gil Blas was to be the officer to execute the orders of this *venerable* court.

No sooner had they entered the public house than the landlord trembled with fear, but they told him they had nothing to say against him, only he must tell them all he knew concerning one Samuel Simon, a Jew. Having received all the information they could from the publican, they ordered him to go and fetch one of the Jew's servants, whom they examined on the same points, and then proceeded to the house of this son of Jacob, who let them in himself. Ambrose, in the name of the holy office, commanded him to deliver his keys, and he was obliged to give them up without resistance. There they loaded themselves with his bags, and having put a padlock on the door, affixed a seal to it, and then set out for the place where they had left their horses.

All night they continued travelling, and in the morning Ambrose and Don Raphael proposed to go to a neighbouring village for some provisions, having first divested themselves of their assumed habits. Gil Blas opposed this measure, unless they would leave the money as a pledge for their return, which occasioned some little dispute, the thieves not chusing to have their *honour* called in question. At last, however, they complied, and as soon as they were gone, Don
Alphonso

Alphonso told Gil Blas that he was both sorry and ashamed that he had suffered himself to come so far in the company of such abandoned villains, and therefore he was determined not to have any more to do with them. Gil Blas was of the same opinion, and in the evening, when Ambrose and Don Raphael returned, they told them that they would not accompany them any farther, and therefore taking their leave, next morning continued their journey to Valencia.

In the evening they arrived at Burrol, where Don Alphonso fell ill of a fever, which was likely to prove fatal to him. In a few days, however, he was perfectly well again, and able to travel, so that Gil Blas and he having sworn friendship to each other, set out for Valencia, in order to embark for Italy. But before they reached that place, they happened one day to step out of the road to see some people making merry, and there Don Alphonso discovered, with surprise, his reputed father, the count Steinbach. The mutual joy that took place cannot be described, and the Baron clasping the young gentleman in his arms, told him he would now know who were his parents. Upon that he led him to a castle that stood a few yards distant, where they were met by the master. His name was Don Cæsar de Levya, a nobleman of a fine appearance, and no sooner had he seen his son, than he embraced him in the most tender manner.

He had it seems, in his youth, married greatly below his rank, and that was the reason why he was obliged to conceal it from his relations. He then told his son, that he must walk along with him into another apartment, to wait on a lady

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whom.

whom he had provided for him as a wife, but how great was his surprise, when he beheld count Polan sitting beside his lovely daughter Seraphina. The lovers were married, and although count Polan would have provided for Gil Blas, yet he declined accepting his generous offer, and remained at the castle with Don Alphonso, who made him his steward. The first thing done by Gil Blas was to return his share of the money, of which the Jew had been robbed, after which he returned to the castle, and was received by Don Alphonso and the whole family, with all those marks of respect that are sure to distinguish noble minds.

Don Cæsar was a man of so much real sensibility, that he took Gil Blas under his protection, and made him overseer of all his affairs. This was a most agreeable life, but all human things are subject to the various turns of fortune, and love envying his happiness, resolved to deprive him of it.

Sephora, an old maid, who waited on the Lady Serophina, had been in her youth extremely handsome, and like most others of her sex, she imagined those charms were never to fade. Gil Blas was now in an honourable employment as steward to the family, and therefore the waiting woman thought him no contemptible choice. She often contrived means to put herself in his way, but he seemed to take no notice of it, from whence she inferred that he was only a novice in affairs of love.

This encouraged her to explain her sentiments to him, which she pretended to do in a very awkward manner, although at the same time she was
too

too explicit to leave any room for doubt. Gil Blas, who had so long been the sport of fortune, had no objection to enter into the marriage state with this fading beauty, because she was rich; but while he was considering of the affair in a serious manner, one of the valets told him that Sephora was so far from being a woman of real virtue, that every night she admitted a young surgeon in the neighbourhood into her bed-chamber, which could not be with any good design.

This was a most mortifying piece of intelligence, and Gil Blas, in order to be revenged on the surgeon, waited for him in one of the walks leading to the castle, as he was on his return from Sephora's chamber. At the usual time he approached, and Gil Blas starting up, commanded him to stop. The surgeon, who really thought him in jest, asked what he meant, and being told that he came to demand what business he had in the lady's chamber, he laughed heartily, telling him that he only went there at one time in the evening, to cure her of an inveterate cancer in her back, which she strove to conceal from the rest of the servants. Our adventurer put up his sword, and having shook hands with the surgeon, as a mark of reconciliation, he returned to the castle.

From that time he began to shun her company, upon which she asked him one day what was the meaning of his strange behaviour, seeing she had made so many concessions in his favour, and her charms had been often courted by some of the greatest personages. In answer to this he told her, that if those great personages had seen

her back, they would not have been so much in love. This exasperated her so much, that she poured out upon him a torrent of abuse, and at last gave him such a violent box on the ear, that he took to his heels out of the room.

He now began to think that he had got rid of her, but in a few days afterwards she was taken ill, and his hatred was converted to pity. He was sorry for one whom he could not love, but little did he think that she was meditating a cruel revenge; for no woman will ever forgive the man who seems to despise her.

One morning, while he was sitting in his closet along with Don Alphonso, he observed that young nobleman more pensive than usual, and could not help asking him the reason. He told him, that he was really unhappy; for Sephora, who had brought up his lady, insisted that she would die unless he was turned away. He added, that the request was unjust, but he found he could not live in peace with his wife, unless it was complied with. For his own part, Don Alphonso said he was willing to pay no regard to the remonstrances of his wife, yet as Gil Blas would not suffer himself to be the occasion of disturbing the peace of a whole family, he set out next morning in the most private manner, lest he should have too much affected his generous benefactor. Having a considerable sum of money in his pocket, and being well-mounted on a good horse, he resolved to go to the Count de Polan at Toledo, but first went on a journey to the city of Grenada, where he met with Don Ferdinand de Levya, who had married the daughter of
Count

Count de Polan at the same time that her sister was married to Don Alphonso.

They were both surprised at seeing each other, and Gil Blas having recounted the particulars, by which he had been obliged to leave the family of Don Alphonso, he solicited Don Ferdinand to procure him a place in some respectable family. He was ordered to call upon him the same day, which he did, and was next day taken into the service of the archbishop of Grenada, who was a great author, and who wanted a person to write for him. The archbishop received him with kindness, and desired him to walk along with him into his study, where he examined him as to his knowledge in the languages and sciences, and found him much superior to what he expected, so that he told him he was a valuable acquisition, and would do very well for the purpose he wanted.

In the afternoon he went to fetch his baggage, and having supped with the upper servants, he retired to rest in a genteel apartment appointed for his reception. Next morning he went to wait on the archbishop, who ordered him to go and transcribe a sermon, with which he was extremely well pleased. In a word, he became every day more and more the favourite of the archbishop, who told him that he would be sure to make his fortune. He made him his entire confidant, and so fully were the rest of those who resided in the house convinced of this, that they took every opportunity of courting the favour of Gil Blas, though they hated him in their hearts.

A poor priest having incurred the displeasure of the archbishop for some irregularities he had com-

mitted, came to solicit the assistance of Gil Blas, in order to re-instate him in his grace's favour. His request was complied with, and the priest being reconciled to the archbishop, was presented to a very good benefice, for which our adventurer received a thousand thanks. For some time Gil Blas basked in the sun-shine of prosperity, nor did any thing happen to give him the least uneasiness, till one evening the prelate seemed to be taken ill, but next day he was somewhat better. He went to the cathedral to preach as usual, but his expressions were so incoherent, that the auditory could not help taking notice of it.

Gil Blas was sensibly alarmed, but he knew that he could not mention the affair to any one without giving offence. In the evening, when the archbishop came home, he asked Gil Blas what the people said of his sermon, to which our adventurer answered, that although his former discourses had been received with pleasure, yet his last was not so well esteemed.

This was more than the archbishop could bear, who till that time had never heard his compositions called in question, not even by the critics themselves. He asked Gil Blas what part of it gave him offence, to which our adventurer answered, that no part of it had offended him; but as his grace had reposed the utmost confidence in him, so he had told him what the people said. He added, that his eloquence had not that day been so strong and manly as on former occasions, which might be owing to some natural infirmity, and at the same time begged that he would excuse his freedom, for having told what were not his sentiments, but merely those of the auditors. This, however,
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did not satisfy the prelate, who, getting up, told Gil Blas to go to his secretary, and receive one hundred ducats, for he must have a confidant more knowing than him.

Having received his hundred ducats, and taken leave of all the domestics, he left the palace of the archbishop, cursing the caprice of fortune, and still more the passions of men, which, on too many occasions, blinded the eyes of their understanding against the clearest truths, although brought home to them by the most irresistible evidence even of their senses.

With these sentiments in his mind he took a room for a month, in one of the principal streets of Granada, and next day about the hour of dinner, he asked his landlady if there was not an eating house in the neighbourhood. She directed him to one, where he partook of a comfortable meal, which, though not like that of the archbishop's, yet it was the more agreeable as he paid for it out of the fruits of his own industry.

While he was eating, the poor priest already mentioned, came into the hall, and no sooner had he fixed his eyes on our adventurer, than every sentiment of gratitude took place in his mind. He told Gil Blas that he must go along with him to a tavern, where he would treat him with excellent wine, and as by his generosity he had placed him in independent circumstances, he would, if he chose it, take him to his own house, only a few miles distant, where nothing in his power should be wanting to serve him. Gil Blas listened to him with attention, but when he mentioned in what manner he had

been dismissed from the service of the archbishop, he discovered himself in his true colours, and told our adventurer that he must not have any thing more to do with him. This incensed Gil Blas so much, that, forgetting his usual presence of mind, he called him an ungrateful wretch, and then left him as one unworthy of his notice.

In the evening he went to see a play, but how great was his surprize, when in the person of one of the actresses he discovered his dear Laura, for whose sake he had been obliged to leave Madrid. He asked several questions concerning her, but all the answer he received was, that she was the kept mistress of a nobleman, and that she made a fine figure on the stage. The passions of our adventurer were now wound up to the highest pitch; he was determined to see this celebrated actress, and for that purpose got up next morning at a more early hour than usual. He doubted not but she would receive him in the same complaisant manner as when he made his addresses to her, and going to the place where she lodged, he found her and her paramour in close conversation together; for it was his usual custom to wait on her in the morning.

Laura, who was a mistress of her art, no sooner saw Gil Blas, than she told her lover, that he was her brother, whom she had not seen these three years, and began to ask him some questions concerning her family; so artful are those persons of both sexes who are accustomed to assume borrowed characters.

Gil Blas was at first disconcerted what answer to make, but the lady saved him the trouble,

ble, by telling him that her father having married her to a Spanish gentleman, her husband was killed in an affair of honour, and that the marquis, with whom she then lived, had been a good friend to her. When the hour of dinner arrived, she insisted that he should lodge in the same house with her, but the marquis objected to this, by telling her, that her brother should go into his service at the rate of four hundred ducats a year, and if he behaved well he should make a better provision for him. When the marquis was gone, Laura took our adventurer into her closet, and after laughing heartily at the farce they had both acted, she insisted that he should recount his whole adventures since he left Madrid, which he did, and then she repeated her's in words to the following import :

“ My mistress after having sold her favours to the best advantage, and acquired a considerable sum of money, purchased an estate at Zamora, where she went to reside, and took me along with her. There we resided some time visiting all the places in the neighbourhood, till at last Don Felix Maldonado, son of one of the chief magistrates, took notice of me, and soon found an opportunity of speaking to me in private, for indeed I was not in the least backward.

“ This Don Felix was not twenty years of age, and had all those qualifications that are so amiable in the opinion of women, but how vain is it for any of our profession to have the least connection with the sons of people of quality. It was not long before his father found out our commerce, and having sent some of his myrmidons,

dons, I was taken into custody, and carried to the house of correction. There I was soon stripped of my rings, jewels, and the best part of my clothes, after which they put upon me a large long frock, with a string of beads, and a cross, that hung down to my feet. I was then conducted to a small chapel, where a monk began to preach repentance to me; but I could have wished him at the devil.

“ When I had been there about eight days, I happened to see the steward of the house, a tall meagre looking fellow, a native of Biscay, who had a more hypocritical face than ever you saw in an archbishop’s palace. This man having considered me attentively, told me to make myself easy, as he was determined to do me some good office with the magistrate who had committed me. I intend, said he, to take you out of prison to-morrow, and conduct you in person to Madrid.

“ I was too much in love with liberty not to bestow a thousand blessings upon him, and next morning he performed his promise; but instead of taking me to Madrid, he bought a post-chaise with two mules, and set off for the frontiers of Portugal. Before we entered Braganza the Biscayan made me put on a suit of men’s clothes, telling me that he would take me to Coinibra, where we might live unmolested. Accordingly we set out for that place, and the Biscayan, who had procured great riches, though only the steward of a house of correction, laid them all at my feet, and we were married in the church.

“ My husband purchased me fine clothes, and made me a present of rich diamonds, among
which

which was that belonging to Don Felix Madolnado. For two or three months I was very well satisfied with my new husband, for he seemed to love me with great sincerity, but these were false appearances, for the rogue cheated me at last.

“ One morning on my return home I found our house stripped of every thing valuable, so that I had nothing left besides the clothes I had on and the ring of Don Felix’s, which, by good luck, I happened to have on my finger. For some time I scarce knew what to say or do, but at last recollecting myself a little, I began to bless God and the saints who had delivered me from such a wretch.

“ Having resolved to return to my native country, and having converted my ring into money, I set out with an old lady in a post-chaise, who told me she intended travelling towards Seville, where her house was.

“ This lady, whose name was Dorothea, was extremely obliging, and would not suffer me to lodge any where but in her own house. She had been in her youth extremely handiome, had been several times married to noble husbands, and still retained the outlines of beauty, though on the decline. Her chief quality was compassion for such women as had been unfortunate; and when I told her my story, she bestowed a thousand curses on those wretches, the men, who take pleasure in ruining poor innocent girls.

“ As Dorothea took me every day along with her to church, and other public places, so I soon attracted the notice of the Cavaliers in general,

neral, but as some of them were minors, and the others were unable to make me a settlement, I did not pay any regard to their addresses.

“ Going one evening to see a play, I found that one of the actresses was one of those whom I knew at Madrid, but was ignorant by what manner she had come to that part of the kingdom. When the play was over we went behind the scenes, and I embraced my old companion with great tenderness, and promised to meet the next day. After the mutual compliments were over, upon my entering her apartment, she asked me what I intended to do? And upon telling her that I would try to get into some family to wait on a young lady, she laughed heartily at me, and said, that was the most wretched choice I could make; that nothing was equal to the stage, for if an actress would only behave prudently, she might be sure of making a good settlement to support her against the infirmities of old age.

“ You may be sure that I was as well acquainted with these things as herself, so it was no difficult matter to persuade me to embrace her proposal. Indeed I longed for nothing so much as to return to the stage. Accordingly I was taken into pay, and it was not long before I had many admirers, and leaving Seville, I came with a company to Granada. Here I became acquainted with the Marquis de Maria-vala, a Portugueze nobleman, who has treated me with all the tenderness in the world, and that is the person whom you saw along with me.”

Such

Such was the narrative that Laura delivered to Gil Blas ; and scarce had she done speaking, when an old actress came to call upon her to go to the play-house. In the mean time the baggage of our adventurer was carried to the house of the marquis, where it was deposited in a room appointed for his reception, and when he went there in person, he was received in the most indulgent manner, for the servants had received orders to treat him with the utmost respect. Gil Blas having learned that all the servants were on board-wages, and that they lived a most indolent life, being kept rather for show than use, left the palace and walked towards the play-house. When he came there and mentioned that he was brother to Laura, every one strove who should be first in paying him the utmost respect. Being introduced behind the scenes, and having paid his respects to his reputed sister, he discovered among the company the same person which he and the barber met on the road, soaking crusts in a well.

The strolling player was not one of those who are ashamed to mention their circumstances to those who have seen them labouring under poverty, on the other hand he frankly acknowledged that he had seen Gil Blas, with his friend, the barber, and at the same time offered to treat our adventurer with every mark of respect. Laura invited them to sup with her, and Gil Blas, who imagined that his presence might give offence to the marquis, who was sure to be there, was given to understand that nothing of that nature would happen, as the marquis had the utmost regard for every one to whom she was related.

lated So true is that observation, that a female friend among the great, is worth all the promises made by courtiers, who have no intention ever to perform them. He would not, however, comply with her request, but rather chose to go to the eating-house, where he had tabled ever since he left the family of the archbishop. Accordingly having repaired thither, and called for a frugal meal he sat down to eat with a good appetite; after which, looking around him, he saw in one corner of the room a poor monk, dressed in the most humble manner, and looking at our adventurer with great attention, as if he had seen him before. The monk said, that although he did not know him before, yet he could see in his countenance that he had gone through a variety of misfortunes, and in proof of his skill produced a phial, in which was a liquid, that upon proper application, would promote the discovery of a thousand other things. That it was more valuable than the philosopher's stone, and that every one who had it would become both wiser and better. He concluded by telling him, that he had spent many years in making the discovery, and that although it was of the utmost service to the public, yet he was every day in danger of being taken up by the inquisition as an impostor.

Gil Blas, who was in no small degree surprized at what the monk said, and at the same time not free from some of the remains of a superstitious education, asked him several questions with respect to himself, not doubting but he would be able to give him an account in what manner he would at last be settled in the world,

world, after he had been so long the sport of fortune. The monk answered that he had still several difficulties to encounter, but that they would soon be over, for a nobleman of the first rank would employ him in such a manner as would place him above all sorts of dependance.

The sincerity that seemed predominant in all that the monk said, made Gil Blas a convert to his doctrine, and having given him a small gratuity, retired home to the house of the marquis, where he spent the remainder of the evening with the servants. When it was late, the marquis came in and told our adventurer that he should have something of importance for him to do in a short time, but for the present desired him to retire to rest.

The whole night was spent by Gil Blas in meditating on what the monk had told him, and, like all those who wish for the enjoyment of every thing, anticipating the many pleasures he was to partake of, till being quite over-powered with sleep, he went to dreaming of things of the most romantic nature, he built castles in the air, and he found them no better than vanity when he awoke. In the morning he went to attend the marquis, who told him that he had the utmost respect for him on account of his sister. That he had promised to meet her that day at an early hour, but as business prevented him, he gave him a small casket to carry to her with fifty pistoles for his own use, telling him that it was happy for him to be related to such an amiable girl.

Our adventurer did not fail to perform his promise to the marquis, and going to the apartments

ments of Laura, found her at her toilette. He told her that he had brought a casket of jewels from the marquis, who was one of the best noblemen he ever knew; and the opening it nothing was to be seen but the richest diamonds of Peru.

She congratulated him on his good success, and told him at the same time that she had never forgotten him since he left Madrid, but still hoped to meet with him one time or other. This pleased him so much that he took leave of her that time, telling her that he would go and give the marquis an account in what manner he had delivered his present, and how she had received it. Indeed he thought there was now no obstacle to his happiness, for as the marquis was both rich and powerful, so he doubted not but he would provide for him in a suitable manner.

But these hopes were soon interrupted, for upon his return home he was told, that the marquis was gone out, and that he would see our adventurer no more. This was shocking news indeed, but what can be said in such cases. The poor frightened Gil Blas waited with the utmost impatience till towards evening, when he went to the play-house, where he met with the person whom he had formerly found soaking crusts in a well. The stroller told him that the marquis had discovered that Laura was not his sister, and that if he had any regard for his own safety, he must leave the city of Granada as soon as possible.

Gil Blas saw the dilemma to which he was reduced; there was no time to be lost in making any sort of enquiries, and therefore having packed

packed up his baggage, which he gave to a carrier, he set out the same night for Toledo. His design in going to that city was to meet with the Count de Polan who had promised to do something for him, in consequence of his having saved his life, but when he went to his house he learned that he was gone to the castle of Levya, where his daughter Seraphina lay extremely ill.

At first he had some thoughts of going to the count, but as he was not many days journey from Madrid, he chose rather to set out for that city, where he arrived and took lodgings in the same house, with one captain Chirchilla. This captain was one of those extraordinary persons who make their appearance once in an age. He had lost an eye in one part of the world, and a leg in another. He had nothing to subsist on but half-pay, and although he had a castle in the country, yet it was beginning to fall to decay, for he was not able to keep it in proper repair.

As nothing makes a more lasting impression on the minds of the brave than the sufferings of those who have ventured their lives for their country, so Gil Blas, whose heart was not deaf to tender feelings, no sooner heard the story of the captain, than he admitted him to a share in his friendship, and to every thing that his table could afford. This was a seasonable relief to one who had lived many years on leeks and onions, but in his conversation with Gil Blas it was discovered that he was one of those who are commonly called wits. He had wrote some rising things that perished almost as soon as they

they saw the light, but for all that he still considered himself as one of those whose compilations does honour to the literary world, and who was worthy of a place in the temple of fame.

Gil Blas continued to treat the captain with all manner of respect, and for some time did not meet with any one who knew him ; but one day as he was walking along the square, he saw his old friend Fabricius, whom we have already mentioned, talking to some noblemen, and dressed in the same elegant manner as themselves. At first he thought himself deceived, but not being in the least bashful, he went up to him, and was immediately recognized. Fabricius treated him in the most familiar manner, and asked him a thousand questions, which our adventurer had not time to answer. He then took him along with him to another street, where he shewed him a fine house, and told him that was the place where he lodged.

From thence he took him across a square court, and introduced him to his apartments, which were finely furnished, and which surprized Gil Blas so much, that he could not help telling his friend that he must have procured some place at court. To this the other answered, that he did not desire a place at court, for his present employment was much better. He told him that the apartments which he then had were given him by a man of quality, who was the proprietor of the house, and that in consequence of the indulgence he had received from the public, he had commenced author, and wrote several pieces for the stage, that had been received with universal applause.

He

He then shewed our adventurer some of his compositions, which were the most wretched things that ever the press groaned under, and while Gil Blas laughed at them, - his honest friend never so much as found fault, telling him that one fool ought to live by another.

Upon further enquiry he found that the fine apartments of Fabricius was a rendezvous for poor authors, who had no other place where they could spend their time. One made his appearance with a half-finished play, another with a mangled translation, a third with a treatise on some subject in philosophy, which he did not understand, and a fourth with a critical examination of a work he had never seen or read. In short, the whole order of things seemed to have been inverted, all was one confused mass, nor was it possible to distinguish real merit, unless a person would have been at the trouble of examining every piece by itself.

Our adventurer began to be disgusted, he wished for something in its own nature more rational, and for that day took leave of his friend, after having thanked him for his generous treatment, and friendly condescension.

Next morning our adventurer went to wait on his friend Fabricius, who received him with open arms, and apparent signs of the most disinterested and incorrupted friendship. He gave our adventurer to understand that there was a Sicilian nobleman come from Palermo to Madrid, in order to assist the Count de Lira, in some things of the utmost importance. He told Gil Blas that he had mentioned the affair of the archbishop to him,
while

while he was in company with some other noblemen, and that they laughed at him in the most hearty manner. He added, that the Sicilian count was a man of the utmost generosity, and although in some respects, seemingly attached to the manners of his own country, yet he was neither the tool of arbitrary power, nor a slave to superstition.

The proposal being agreeable to Gil Blas, he went along with Fabricius to the house of the Sicilian nobleman whom they found in all the dignity of state, playing with a large baboon. Fabricius having recommended his friend Gil Blas to the nobleman, the steward was called for, and told to take our adventurer to the apartment assigned for him, intimating at the same time, that the nature of his employment should be made known to him the next day. Upon that, he was conducted by the steward to the butler's apartment, who was one of the most arch Neapolitans that ever left Italy.

He had the name of a servant, but in reality he was rather more than a master, for every thing was directed by him. He took care to regulate the affairs of the kitchen in such a manner, that while he himself dined in state, most of the other servants made their appearance as humble dependants. The best of cheer was to be found when he put on a placid brow, but no sooner did the dæmon of ill nature take place in his heart, than every one found, in the most sensible manner, its baneful influence. Gil Blas, as if he had been a stone picked up to be rolled about from place to place, no sooner obtained this new servitude, than he ordered his baggage to be brought to the house
of

of his master, which was soon done, for there are always as many persons out of employment in Madrid, as in any of the other capital cities in Europe. He dined with the chief officers of the family, each of whom did every thing in his power to serve him ; for his friend Fabricius had said so much in his favour, that he was looked upon as one who had not his equal in the whole dominions of Spain.

Gil Blas was next morning summoned to attend the count, his master, who told him, that he had endeavoured to live up to his rank, but that he was sure his servants had plundered him, for none of them were able to give an account in what manner the money he gave them for their subsistence, had been expended. He added, that as he did not chuse to turn them away in an abrupt manner, so he would employ him to be a spy upon their conduct, and to give him an exact account of all that passed, and to take notice in what manner the victuals were distributed, that he might know whether he was injured or not.

This employment our adventurer willingly engaged in, for he doubted not of making some very remarkable discoveries. At first, the servants thought him only in jest, but when he came to examine the cellars, and to take an inventory of every thing, they began to be of a very different opinion. He told them that it was their duty to take care of their master's property, and not squander it away in an idle manner, but they only laughed at him, and seemed to consider him as one from whom they had no reason to expect any harm.

In

In the mean time he took care to contract an acquaintance with a scullion boy, who promised to give him an account of every thing that happened in the family, and among other particulars he told him that the butler went every evening to the lodgings of a lady whom he kept, and who lived near the college of St. Thomas. Gil Blas was surpris'd at this information, but being determin'd to know the truth from his own senses, he went next morning to the place, and saw a whole load of good provisions carried into the lady's apartment, which belonged to his master. He went as soon as possible to inform the count, who seem'd to be in a most violent passion, but recollecting himself, he did not choose to turn his butler away, but rather to make him change his place, and he was succeeded by our adventurer. This did not in the least affect Gil Blas, who look'd upon himself in his former station, in the character of a spy, but now he was appointed to manage the domestic affairs of the house, and he resolv'd to do it in the best manner he could. He took a particular account of every thing, so as to be able to shew in what manner the provisions were expended, for which he was only laugh'd at by Fabricius, who told him that he would never be recompenc'd for his trouble.

Much about this time, a fatal accident happened in the family, which was no other than the death of the baboon, of which the count was so much enamour'd. Every assistance was sought for in order to procure some respite for the animal, who had been given over by his physicians, but the course of the disease mock'd the power of physic, and he became a lifeless corpse.

The

The count attended the baboon day and night, and all the servants were obliged to undergo the same drudgery, but none was more forward in the charitable service than Gil Blas, who actually, in consequence of his attendance, threw himself into a most violent fever. For some time he was in a manner delirious, not knowing what he said, but no sooner had he recovered the use of his reason, than he began to talk to the old woman who attended him as a nurse. He told her, that he thought himself much better : to which she answered, that he must hold his tongue, and not speak one word, because the doctor and the apothecary were both in the room. Medicines were administered to him in abundance, but as he did not chuse to take any of them, he asked the nurse, in a peremptory manner, what was become of the count his master. She told him that he was gone back to Sicily, and upon enquiry, he found her information to be true.

The truth was, the count was obliged to return to Naples, but as he had an enlarged soul, that could not suffer him to leave the distressed without proper care being taken of them, had ordered that our adventurer should be taken proper care of, and that in order to support him in his distress, he had left money sufficient for that purpose.

Gil Blas, who heard this news from the nurse, was not so much affected with it as some others would have been ; so looked upon himself as the sport of fortune, and although he might have pleased himself upon meeting with a settlement in Sicily, yet as that could not be obtained, he was determined to submit to his fate, and wait with patience till some happier event took place, that
would

would extricate him out of all his troubles, and enable him to enjoy the comforts of this life, without being constrained from doing good to those in want, or being afraid of those whose stations set them above law.

Upon enquiry, he found that the greatest part of his effects had been embezzled, and there was such a bill to pay, that it almost exhausted his whole finances. This, however, did not depress his spirits, for recollecting that he had still some interest remaining, he applied to the duke of Lerma, and was taken into the service of that nobleman. The duke was at that time prime minister of Spain, all the affairs of government were conducted by him, and his greatest favourite was one de Luna, a young nobleman of some abilities, but like all others of the same age, was not proof against the tender susceptions of love. He was not, however, successful, for such was the strength of his passion, that because he could not enjoy the beloved object, he laid violent hands on himself.

He did not die immediately after he had given himself the mortal wound, but lived some hours afterwards, during which time he recommended Gil Blas to the Duke de Lerma, to be his secretary, a place both of honour and profit, and to which he was soon after introduced. The duke received him in the most complaisant manner, and told him that from that moment he was to become the servant of the king. He then gave him a large bundle of papers relating to state affairs, and many other particulars, all which he was ordered to examine with a critical attention. He had scarce finished five or six pages, when the
nephew

nephew of the duke came in, and that caused some small interruption. The duke desired to see what Gil Blas had done, and looking at it, expressed the utmost satisfaction, declaring that none of his own secretaries could write in so elegant a manner.

Some farther discourse took place between him and his nephew, the minister all the while looking upon Gil Blas as one of the most accomplished persons in Spain, but at last they were obliged to part. The reason was this: the clock struck twelve, which to sober persons is but little regarded, because they are then asleep; but the great are often obliged to consider it as a monitor that calls them from their enjoyments, in order to give them rest in the room of sleep. Gil Blas returned to the landlord of the ordinary, and left the rest of his gay companions, and even his masters, to do as they pleased.

When he returned to the eating-house, he did not fail to tell the landlord, that he was now become secretary to the Duke de Lerma, the prime minister, and ordered a supper to be got ready suitable to his dignity. When he had eaten heartily, he threw down a pistole, ordering the waiter to keep the remainder of the change, and then walked out as if he had been a most dignified person. His next business was to hire a grand apartment, consisting of several rooms, and began to live as if he had already had an estate of three or four thousand a year. There were two other secretaries, besides Gil Blas, but as they knew no learning besides writing, so the duke only made use of them for transcribing papers.

One night Gil Blas went out to spend the evening with his fellow secretaries, but was much mortified to find that they had been five months in the duke's service without receiving any money, nor did they know what they were to have, so that they lodged at the house of a widow, who gave them credit till such time as they were to be paid. His pride was now sensibly mortified, and in the evening, when he returned home, he cursed himself for having hired such grand apartments, being determined to leave them at a month's end. In the morning he went to wait on the duke's deputy, and found him one of those upstart fellows, who take more upon them than their principals. To him, however, our adventurer was obliged to stoop, even in the meanest and most servile manner; but the affability and easy temper of the duke made him some little amends. In the mean time, when the evening drew nigh, he went to an eating house where he was not known, and supped at a moderate expence, being determined to bid adieu to the court, and all hopes of preferment, unless he received his salary in a proper time.

One day the duke took him aside, and told him that he would intrust him with a secret of great importance, which was no other than that of getting his nephew appointed to succeed him in the ministry. This surprised Gil Blas the more, when he learned that the duke had a son whom he ought to have preferred before the Count de Lemos, his nephew; but he soon found that what the duke had in view, was to set the young noblemen in opposition to each other, and so keep them dependant on himself.

There

There is no wonder that a young man of our adventurer's ambition should be overwhelmed with joy when he considered himself appointed the confidant of the prime minister of Spain. He accompanied the duke to court, where he shone in the polite circle, and his other fellow secretaries made their court to him. Indeed, while he remained in the anti-chamber, the Spanish nobility came to make their court to him; nay, they even thought it no small honour.

One day the duke shewed the king some of our adventurer's writing, at which his majesty expressed the utmost satisfaction, and desired the duke would not fail to make proper provision for him.

In the same manner was he treated by the Count de Lemos, the duke's nephew, who made him his entire confidant. The count told him that he was the favourite of the prince of Spain, but the avarice of the king was so great, that the heir to the crown was obliged to live beneath the rank of a common nobleman. Our adventurer told the count that he would bring a thousand pistoles to the prince's chamber next day as an earnest of a greater sum.

His offer was greedily embraced, and upon his return home to the duke's, he received the money, for it is the interest of ministers to court the rising sun. Next day, according to promise, the money was delivered to the prince, who finding Gil Blas an expert fellow in all sorts of intrigue, told him that he must assist him in his amours, or in other words he must be his confidant. In this manner he continued rising from one degree of favour to another, during the space of two months, but still

he did not receive one pistole in money. He had left his fine apartments, and lodged at a small expence, well-knowing that if he did not do so, he must starve. All day he appeared as a man of quality at the duke's, but when he returned home to his lodgings in the evening, all his greatness forsook him, he was no more than poor Gil Blas. Some days he scarce tasted any thing, for no allowance was made by the duke, besides a bit of bread and wine.

It was somewhat better for him, when he was obliged to attend the minister to the royal palace of the Escorial, where they all lived at the king's expence. There his apartments were near those of the duke's, and one morning the duke getting up sooner than usual, desired Gil Blas to follow him into the garden.

While they were there, two magpies continued chattering to each other, which the duke taking notice of, told Gil Blas that he would be glad to know what they said. Our adventurer laid hold of this opportunity to mention his own circumstances, under the disguise of the following fable :

“ There was once a good king, who reigned in Persia, but as he looked on the task of governing as too laborious for himself, so he gave it up to his grand vizir Atalmuc, a man of good abilities, who discharged his duty in such a manner, that the kingdom was respected, and the people happy. The name of his secretary was Zeanger, and the vizir was extremely fond of him. He took pleasure in his company, and revealed to him his greatest secrets.

“ One

“ One day, as they were hunting together, the vizir saw two ravens croaking on a tree, and asked the secretary if he could tell what they said. The secretary answered, that a dervise had taught him the language of birds, and I can now tell you what they are saying.

“ One of them (said he) is telling the other that there is the good vizir who governs Persia. He is now hunting in this wood with his faithful Zeangir, how happy must that secretary be who has such a master.

“ Softly (answered the other raven); be not too forward. It is true, the vizir honours him with his friendship, and doubtless, will provide for him some post under the government, but before the event takes place, I am afraid the secretary will die of hunger. He lives in a poor garret, and the vizir never so much as enquires into his circumstances, but leaves him a prey to poverty.”

The duke asked him what the vizir said to his secretary, to which the other answered, that he loaded him with favours; but the duke getting up from his seat, said, he believed that some ministers would not like to be so treated, and then told our adventurer, that he must go and wait on the king. He followed the duke to the door of the king's bed-chamber, where he left him and went to tell his case to the two other secretaries. They sympathized with him, and told him at the same time that the secretary of the cardinal Spinola, had served fifteen months, without any thing to subsist on from his master, and when at last necessity pushed him to ask for some money, the cardinal told him it was but just he should be paid, and for that purpose gave him an order for

the money on the royal treasury, telling him he had no more occasion for his service ; but just as he went out at the door, he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Poor Gil Blas was now overwhelmed with despair, he was sorry he had repeated the story of the ravens, and next morning being ordered to attend the duke, he approached his presence like a criminal who is going to receive sentence of death.

Here is an order for you, said the duke ; upon which Gil Blas not doubting but he would be served in the same manner as the cardinal did his secretary, thought he heard the carriage that was to carry him away. Upon entering the presence chamber, he trembled in every limb, and falling on his knees, begged pardon, telling the duke that nothing but necessity forced him to mention the fable.

The minister, with all the good nature in the world, told him to be comforted, giving him at the same time an order for fifteen hundred ducats, and a promise of the same sum annually. This was unexpected good news to Gil Blas ; he was almost overwhelmed with joy, and falling on his knees, blessed the minister a thousand times.

Next day, after he received the order for the money, the king set out for Madrid, and as all the court followed him, so Gil Blas took fine apartments in one of the public squares, and was more than ever caressed by the minister. Every person who wanted favours applied to him, among whom was Don Roger de Rada, of whom he was told the following story :

Don

Don Austasia de Rada was the son of a gentleman, who left him a handsome fortune, and he married Donna Estephina, with whom he might have lived happy, had he not been a slave to his passions, and tortured with jealousy. He suspected all his neighbours being criminally concerned with his wife, except Don Huberto de Hordales, who had constant access to his house. He was cousin to the lady, so that there is no wonder he should be more free with her than with another. Indeed, he actually fell in love with her, and declared his passion, though he knew that it was contrary to all the rules of friendship and hospitality. The lady told him, that if ever he said one word more on such an odious subject, she would expose him to Don Austasia, upon which he promised to desist.

He resolved, however, to take a cruel revenge, for he thought that his love was slighted, out of some disrespect to his person.

One evening he took an opportunity of telling Don Austasia, that his wife had a gallant, whom she admitted secretly to her chamber at night, but he could not tell his name. Thus a vile wretch destroyed the peace of a family, to which he was nearly related, for no other reason but that a woman of virtue would not be a partner in his crimes.

Don Austasia went home in a rage to his house, and having waited till the servants were gone to bed, upbraided his wife for her infidelity, and in the most terrible manner threatened to stab her dead on the spot, although she was then six months gone with child. In vain did she repeat her innocence, and put him in mind

of the babe that was in her womb, whose blood would be an eternal evidence against him. He stabbed her in the side, and then left his native country. Happily the wound was not mortal, for proper assistance being got the lady recovered, and in three months she was safely delivered of a son, whom she named Don Roger de Rada.

The lady brought up her son in the most tender manner, and when he was eighteen years of age, she imparted to him the story of Don Har- dales, upon which the young gentleman sent him a challenge, and left him dead on the spot. Having thus dispatched the traitor he fled to Malaga, where he entered as a volunteer on board a vessel that was going on a cruize against the pirates of Barbary. He had not been long at sea when they took a pirate, and found several slaves on board, among whom was a Spaniard, a man about fifty, who, notwithstanding the condition he was in, yet looked as if he had once seen better days.

The Spaniard, upon enquiry, proved to be Austasio, and no sooner had Roger told him that he was his son, than he fell on his neck and kissed him. When they landed in Spain the father repaired to beg pardon of his much injured wife, and Don Roger set out for Madrid, where, having made interest with Gill Blas, the Duke granted him a pardon.

In this sunshine of prosperity and court-favour, our adventurer soon procured a very great fortune, and as no person approached the minister but by him, so he began to assume the most dignifying

dignifying airs, like a man of the greatest importance.

Grown giddy with power, our adventurer disposed of all places of profit, sharing the price between himself and the Duke, and at last he took a spacious house, and set up an equipage with servants in rich livery. To complete his triumph and feast on vanity, he sent for his old friend Fabricius, and told him that he was the favourite of the chief minister, offering at the same time to do all in his power to serve him. At the same time he asked him to stay supper, but as ill luck would have it, some of the clerks came in and made so merry with poor Fabricius who had now turned poet, that he left the room in an abrupt manner, without speaking to any one.

Next morning the poet came to wait on Gil Blas, and told him that he must have lost all his spirit, otherwise he would not have suffered two fellows to treat him in the manner the clerks did, and Gil Blas having once more invited him to supper, he came at the time, and brought with him half a dozen authors, all full of self-sufficiency. During the whole of supper, the authors talked so much of themselves, that Gil Blas was quite disgusted with them, and taking his friend aside told him, that for the future he would sup with his clerks, for authors were the most odious creatures in the world. Fabricius answered that he would bring him no more, for these were the best, and for that time they parted.

Hitherto the greatest part of Gil Blas's life had been simple and regular, but no sooner had

he been a few months at court, when he became infected with the poison, and all sorts of sincerity forsook him. Nothing was more common than for him to make promises without any intention of ever performing them, and, courtier like, he would tell one to call on him for a place, which, in the mean time, he would sell to another.

The Count de Lemos employed him to find out some young beauty to please the prince of Spain, who was extremely amorous, and Gil Blas promised to execute the commission for him in the most faithful manner. For that purpose he employed his man Scipio, who, in a few days afterwards told him that he had discovered one of the greatest beauties in Spain, and which he could procure, though he feared it would be attended with some trouble.

The young lady lived with her aunt, and no sooner had Gil Blas heard of her than he sought an opportunity of writing to her. But how great was his surprize when he saw so much wit, innocence and beauty all joined in the same person. He began to look with abhorrence on the part he had undertaken to act. The aunt, however, did not leave him long in suspense, for having some suspicion that he had dishonourable intentions, told him that if he thought her niece worthy of being his wife he might have her, but she would never dispose of her at a cheaper rate. The name of the young lady was Catalina, and Gil Blas told her aunt that he was far from expecting her himself, but all he desired was that the prince of Spain might have leave to wait upon her in person. The
temptation

temptation was too strong to be resisted, and in a few days the young lady consented upon certain conditions. Gil Blas went and told the Count de Lemos, who came to see her, and was so much pleased that he ordered our adventurer to go and make the duke acquainted with his success, not doubting but that it would give him great pleasure.

It was not long before the prince met his fair innamorata, and staid with her till towards morning. Gil Blas was sent for next morning to attend the prince, who told him that he must make the young lady a present of some jewels; but he had not money to purchase them. Our adventurer, who resolved not to lose sight of his own interest, told his highness that he would procure him the money, and for that purpose he went to the duke, who immediately gave him an order. This was happy news to the prince, who, having purchased the jewels, sent our adventurer to deliver them. This he punctually performed, and in the evening on his return home, he found his man Scipio entertaining a great number of footmen, with about half a dozen of ragged authors.

This did not please him, and next morning he taxed his servant with ingratitude, and having some suspicion of the real character of Catalina, he asked him some questions concerning her.

Scipio told him that she was the daughter of a poor country gentleman, who died and left her an orphan when she was no more than fifteen years of age. That finding herself without any means of subsistence, she listened to the proposals

proposals of an old military officer, who took her with him to Toledo, where he died, and she having made herself mistress of his effects and money, she removed to Madrid, and settled with the old lady, who passed for her aunt, though no way related to her. That she was visited by several persons of quality, and that upon the whole, she was one of those girls who pass for virgins till it cannot be concealed any longer. Gil Blas was not well pleased with this news; he was afraid that the minister would get information of a trick being put upon the prince, but Scipio calmed his fears by telling him, that if any discovery was made, he had no more to do than to reveal the whole truth.

Our adventurer continued to act the man of quality with so much art, that he forgot all his relations, nor would he have been pleased if any one had put him in mind of them. One morn- in a young rustic came to call on him, and told him that he had been his school-fellow, and that his father and mother were still at service. That the canon, his uncle, was sinking under the infirmities of old age, and that as he was now in prosperity, he ought to send some money to his poor parents, who were in great want of it, and who would be extremely glad to hear from their only son.

His pride however would not suffer him to comply, for turning to the countryman he desired him to mind his own business, and then in the most contemptuous manner pushed him out of doors. In a word, he so much forgot himself, that he looked upon all those with contempt

tempt who who had known him in a state of adversity : and one day his old friend Fabricius told him, that his head was turned and that his pride would soon have a fall. This last expression irritated Gil Blas so much that he told him never to let him see his face any more.

Scipio, who had his own interest at heart, as well as that of his master, proposed a match between Gil Blas and the daughter of a rich goldsmith, who was able to give her a great fortune. At first Gil Blas thought it below his dignity to marry the daughter of a citizen, but when he began to reflect on the fortune, all his scruples were over at once, and no objection being made by the parents or the duke, the match was agreed on, and settled to take place in a few weeks.

In the mean time, though Gil Blas had refused to assist his poor parents, yet he was not in every respect forgetful of his friends, for hearing that the government of Valencia was vacant, he mentioned to the duke the obligation he was under to the young Don Alphonso, and his grace approved of his generosity in so hearty a manner that a patent was made out, and dispatched to that young gentleman by express.

This affair being settled, preparations were made for the marriage of our adventurer, and the evening preceding the day appointed for his nuptials, he was invited to a grand entertainment at the house of the goldsmith, who had brought some of the best singers from the play-house. All the relations were invited, and the evening was spent in all sorts of gaiety. Gil Blas
said

said all he could to entertain the company, and they were much pleased with him. They thought the alliance with him was so honourable, that nothing could equal it. Every one promised themselves places, and nothing was now to be heard of but castles in the air.

In this manner they regaled themselves till his time of parting, when Gil Blas got into the coach; but scarce had he proceeded a hundred yards when he was surrounded by several men in arms who commanded the carriage to stop. There was no disputing against fire-arms, and in an instant an officer arrested him in the king's name, without telling him the reason, and without waiting to let him settle his private affairs; they conducted him prisoner to the castle of Segovia.

The first reception our adventurer met with was to be stripped of every thing valuable that he had about him, and to be loaded with chains, after which he was thrown into a dungeon to lay on straw. The anxiety of his mind and the uncertainty of his fate, made him forget the dungeon, for all his thoughts were engaged in studying if it was possible for him to discover the reason of his confinement. Sometimes he imputed it to his brother secretaries, who envied his growing prosperity, and at other times to the duke, whom he imagined had caused him to be arrested in order to prevent his making too free with some political secrets with which he had been intrusted.

In this manner he continued till the morning, when the day-light informed him what a horrid prison he was confined in. While he was cursing

sing his unhappy fate, one of the keepers came in, and giving him a loaf of brown bread and a pitcher of water, desired him not to despair, but to eat with patience the king's allowance.

This was but poor comfort, and all day he continued in the most disconsolate state, without seeing any one till towards evening, when hearing the rattling of keys, the turnkey opened the door, and introduced to him a person who had lived along with him, when he was in the service of the archbishop of Granada. This person was one whom Gil Blas had done several favours for, while he was in prosperity, and he told him that having been sent to the West Indies, he stopped at Alicant, where he married the daughter of a rich tradesman, who, not chusing that he should remove from Spain, procured him the place of keeper of the castle of Segovia. That he would made his confinement as easy to him as possible, and told him to follow him into another room in the upper part of the castle. He added, that the king having been informed that he, in concert with the Count de Lemos, had led the prince to the house of a courtezan; had exiled the count and sent him to the tower, and he doubted not but he would be released in a short time.

An elegant supper was then served up, and the keeper said all he could to comfort his prisoner, but in vain, for he continued thoughtful and melancholy. At last supper being over, and the bottles removed, the keeper left our adventurer to repose himself in a bed that had been prepared for him. In the morning he was awaked by the sound of a guitar, and the keeper coming in
to

to bring him fresh linen told him, that the person whom he heard playing was Don Gaston, a state prisoner, who had been confined some time in the castle, and that as he was a person of great vivacity, he might, if he thought proper, board and lodge along with him.

Every trifling change is agreeable to a prisoner, and our adventurer was immediately introduced to Don Gaston, whom he found to be one of the most accomplished youths he had ever seen. Don Gaston treated him in the most affable manner, and one day while they were sitting together, told him his story in the following words :

“ About four years ago I left the country to visit my aunt at Madrid, who treated me in the most tender manner, but I had not been long in that city when I became a captive to love. Opposite to where I lodged were the windows of a lady’s apartment, who seemed the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. I made signs both to her and her maid, but all to no purpose, for they remained insensible of every thing, and took no notice of me.

“ The name of the lady was Donna Helena, and that of her maid Felicia, and as I discovered that the latter had a confidant named Theodora, I resolved to make her my friend. Having discovered where she lodged, I went to the place, and found that she was willing to forward every thing to recommend my suit.

“ Felicia was one of those girls who are willing to do any thing upon condition that they are paid for it, and I having made sure of her by the present of a diamond ring, she went
home

home and informed her mistress, not neglecting to say every thing she could in favour of the young gentleman, who according to her account, was one of the finest men she had ever seen. Theodora advised me to write her a love epistle in the heroic stile of romance, which I did, and gave it to Felicia, who delivered it to her mistress.

“ The result was, that I was no more to shew myself at the window, but to wait under the lady’s window all which I complied with. One evening I went to serenade my beloved mistress with music, but had not been long under the window when I was assaulted by a gentleman, who gave me several wounds, and left me for dead on the spot. The noise awaked the people in the house, and Don George, the father of Donna Helena, rushing out, found me wallowing in my blood. Every tender sentiment took place in the heart of the young lady, and I being carried home to my aunt, proper care was taken of me, so that I recovered in a short time. My aunt having learned that I was in love with Donna Helena, went to her father and demanded her in marriage for me. The father made no objection to the proposal, and I was admitted to pay my respects in person to the young lady.

“ My aunt ordered a grand entertainment to be made for my charmer, and all her relations, at a country house she had near Madrid; but during supper I received a challenge from Don Aguline, who, upon enquiry, I found to be the same person who had assaulted me when under the window of Donna Helena, and by which I
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was desired to meet him next morning, in a plain near the house.

“ I could not, consistent with my honour refuse to meet this adventurer, and, therefore, next morning, under pretence that I was going to take the air, mounted on horse-back, and set out for the place, where I met my rival. As soon as we had alighted we both drew our swords, and after a few passes I left my rival dead on the spot.

“ My antagonist being thus dead I returned to the country-house, and sent my valet to get horses ready for making my escape, all which he executed in the most faithful manner. I then set out for Italy, leaving my dear Helena, and resolved to make myself acquainted with foreign courts. An exile from my native country, I had recourse to all sorts of diversion, in order to drown my melancholy, but to no purpose, for still the thoughts of my Helena returned. She remained for some time as disconsolate as myself, till one Don Blas de Cambados, having seen her, made proposals of marriage to her father. But still she remained obstinate, till Cambados had recourse to the following stratagem.

“ He got a person to forge a letter, wherein it was mentioned that Don Gaston was on the point of being married to a rich lady, and that he only waited for the approbation of his aunt. This had the desired effect, for no sooner was the letter shewn to Helena than she consented to give her hand to Don Blas, and next day they were married. In the mean time I having seen every thing worthy of notice in Italy, I went over to Sicily, and from thence returned to Spain,

Spain, where I was received by my aunt with all the marks of tenderness. From her I first learned that my Helena was the wife of another, and she advised me to conquer my passion, for we were both ignorant of the trick that had been made use of.

“ It was not long, however, before I discovered the whole truth, and going to the lady’s house, first upbraided her in the severest terms, and then said, that unless she would renounce her husband, I would stab myself. I had scarce uttered these words, when Don Blas, who had concealed himself behind a screen, came out and told me, that I must that moment retire from his house. I was obliged to comply, and having in an unlucky hour attached myself to a nobleman, who was suspected of treasonable designs, I was by order of the Duke de Lerma, arrested, and sent to this castle, where I have remained ever since.”

He had scarce done speaking, when the keeper arrived, and brought with him the servant of Gil Blas, whom we have often mentioned under the name of Scipio. Scipio told him, that his house had been pillaged by the soldiers, but that he had the good fortune to preserve two bags of pistoles that should be delivered to him. That he would not be much longer in prison for this reason, that he had been arrested without any orders from the Duke de Lerma, but that the whole affair had been contrived by the Duke de Ureda, who was the sworn enemy of the minister, and left nothing undone to ruin him.

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Gil Blas was so well pleased with what Scipio had told him that he asked his advice whether it would not be proper to write to the duke, who had so often treated him with the greatest tenderness. Scipio made some objections to sending the letter, but Gil Blas was so well convinced in his own mind of the duke's sincerity, that he resolved to do it, and accordingly set down to write a letter in the most eloquent strain. This letter being sealed, Scipio was dispatched with it to the duke, who having read it, told him that Gil Blas was an impudent fellow to presume to write to him, after he had imposed in so gross a manner on the prince, and therefore he might think himself extremely happy that it was no worse with him.

When Scipio returned with the fatal news, Gil Blas was seized with a most violent fever, which would have soon put a period to his existence, had he not dismissed the physicians who attended him. Then nature got the better both of the disease and the medicines, and he recovered every day. At last being sick of riches and honours, he told Scipio that, if ever he was so happy as to obtain his liberty, he would spend the remainder of his days in a cottage, and live like a philosopher. Scipio told him that he was acquainted with a young woman, who waited on the prince's nurse, and that he would apply to her to intercede in his behalf.

This was too agreeable a proposal to be despised, and therefore Scipio was immediately sent off express to Madrid.

Three weeks during his absence were spent by Gil Blas in the most melancholy manner, but at last he returned and told our adventurer that he might make himself extremely happy, as the time of his enlargement was not far distant. He added, that he was obliged to return to Madrid next day week, not doubting but he would be able to bring along with him an order for his enlargement. In a short time he returned and told Gil Blas that he had with the utmost difficulty procured his release upon this condition, that he should never more appear at court, and that he should quit the kingdom of Castile without delay.

This was welcome news to our adventurer, who was too much tired of courts to wish ever to see them any more, and therefore having hired two mules, he and Scipio took leave of the castle. As the money that had been saved for Gil Blas was left at Madrid, Gil Blas and Scipio set out for that city, and in their way thither, they entered into a long conversation on the pleasures of a rural life, which Scipio did not approve of, though Gil Blas preferred it to all others. At last, it was agreed that they should fix their residence somewhere in Arragon, where they were not known, and where they would in tranquillity enjoy those pleasures uninterrupted, to which even the most brilliant courts were strangers.

When they arrived at Madrid, they alighted at a small house, the landlord of which had been some time acquainted with Scipio, and their first business was to inquire for Salero, the person who had been intrusted with the two bags of pistoles. This Salero was the person to whose
daughter

daughter Gil Blas was to have been married, and as soon as he saw him, he told him that not expecting he would be released, he had given his daughter in marriage to another. Our adventurer did not seem in the least disconcerted, but asked the goldsmith to deliver him the two bags of pistoles that had been left with him.

Upon that Salero conducted him into a closet, where he had deposited his money, and taking two bags with directions upon them, indicating that they belonged to Gil Blas, he gave him them, and then our adventurer took his leave, and returned to his lodgings. Upon examination, it was found that the bags were entire, except about fifty pistoles that had been taken out, in order to pay for his enlargement, and now Gil Blas and his friend Scipio began to consider in what manner they should act.

But before they came to any conclusion, some days were spent, and during that time Gil Blas, in walking along the streets, met the Baron Steinbach, in whose house Don Alphonso had been brought up. He asked eagerly after Don Alphonso, and being told that he had procured the government of Valencia, without soliciting for it, our adventurer desired to see him. He found him at the game of chess, but no sooner had he recognized Gil Blas, than leaving the table, he saluted him in the most affectionate manner, telling him that he had despaired of ever seeing him any more. He reproached him for not having wrote to him, but how great was his surprise, when Gil Blas answered him in the following words :

“ I had

“ I had the honour, a few months ago, to enjoy a considerable place at court, under the Duke de Lerma, and finding that the government of Valencia was vacant, I procured it for you, but since that time I have been disgraced, and sent a prisoner to Segovia, from which place of confinement it is not long that I have been delivered.”

Don Alphonso, who till that time did not know who was his generous benefactor, told our adventurer that he should no longer be the sport of fortune, for he would bestow upon him a small estate near the castle of Lirias, where he might live in happiness and enjoy all the pleasures of a country life. This was the most agreeable news that Gil Blas ever heard, and more so when Don Alphonso told him that besides the estate he would give him two thousand ducats a year. Accordingly having taken leave of Madrid, he in company with his faithful Scipio, set out for the place with all the hopes that a young heir forms when he enters upon his estate.

While they were preparing to set out from Madrid, news arrived that pope Paul V. was dead, and that his successor had advanced the Duke de Lerma to the dignity of a cardinal, with a view of getting the inquisition established in the kingdom of Naples. Scipio, who had no intention of returning to the country upon condition that he could shine in a more public sphere, told Gil Blas that now was the time to make his fortune, and that the only thing he could do was to make himself known to the cardinal; but nothing could prevail upon him

him to give over the thoughts of his beloved retirement. Accordingly they proceeded on their journey to the country, and in their way to the place of residence they stopped at Valladolid. Gil Blas being anxious to know if his old master, Doctor Sangrado, was still alive, it was not long before he met with the old gentleman, who received him with all the marks of the most cordial respect.

Gil Blas told him that he had not profited much from his instructions, upon which the doctor laughed and told him he was a fool, otherwise he would before that time have made a very ample fortune. Gil Blas said all he could to explode the absurd notions of the doctor, who had killed as many of his fellow creatures as there were hairs in his head; and not being able to answer all the objections of our adventurers, he was obliged to retire in disgust.

Upon their return home they met a man with a long string of beads in his hand, and Gil Blas having recollected that he was the keeper of the hospital where his old friend Fabricius resided, he began to ask him some questions concerning that adventurer.

In answer to that he was told that he had spent so much of his time in writing for the stage that he was become a perfect beggar, and that there was but little doubt but he would at last die in an hospital. He added, that he had done every thing to promote his interest, but that no persuasions could induce him to comply, for he went from one degree of folly to another, till he was disliked by some and hated
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by others. Upon that the man with his beads took leave of our adventurer, who did not conceive the most favourable opinion of him, for he could not see with what propriety people could spend their time in railing at the weaknesses of their fellow creatures.

Next morning they continued their journey to Oviedo, without meeting with any thing worth notice, although they had a good booty to lose, and which might have been soon taken from them, had any such formidable persons as the gang of captain Rinaldo made their appearance. When they arrived at the place, Gil Blas took care to inform himself of the circumstances of his parents, and no person was so proper for the purpose as the landlord where they put up. He told our adventurer that his father and uncle were both in a dying condition, and that his mother, though stooping under the infirmities of old age, was obliged to serve as a nurse to both.

Courts had not divested him of humanity, although filial duty seemed to have been obscured while he shone in their splendour. No sooner had he heard of the affliction of his parents than he left the inn and ran to the apartment of his uncle. His mother who had not seen him for many years yet recognized her long lost son, and taking him by the hand asked him to go and see his aged father give up the ghost. Upon that she led him into an apartment, or rather a wretched room, where his poor father was struggling under the agonies of death stretched on a flock bed. Although at the point of death, yet no sooner had he heard that his son was

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come to see him, than fixing his eyes upon him, he attempted to speak, but in vain, for the organs of life were spent, and taking his hand grasped it to his mouth and gave up the ghost.

His mind was now tortured in the severest manner, he was reduced to the last extremity, especially when he reflected on the unnatural conduct he had shewn to the countryman who spoke in behalf of his suffering parents. His mind was tortured with the thoughts of ingratitude, and he cursed in his heart those allurements of courts that had led him to forget the duty he owed to his nearest relations. These reflections were heightened the more when he considered that he had it in his power, at that time, to have alleviated their sufferings, and by so doing, might for some time have prolonged the life of his father.

His uncle the canon had so far lost the use of his reason and senses that he did not so much as know his nephew, although our adventurer said all he could to make him understand who he was. Scipio, who was a silent spectator of all that had passed, told our adventurer that he would retire to the inn, and in the mean time, Gil Blas, who embraced that opportunity, took his mother into another room in order to converse with her.

His mother told him of the many turns of fortune that she had struggled with, and how she had heard that her son was favourite to the chief minister of Spain. But when she came to that part where he treated the countryman in so rough a manner, he said every thing he could to vindicate his conduct. He told her that his
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station at that time obliged him to conceal the meanness of his birth, and therefore although he was willing to have relieved his parents, yet the abrupt manner in which the request was made, rendered it in a manner impossible. He concluded by telling her that he came to that place in order to spend the remainder of his days in retirement, and begged that she would live along with him, but to this she objected; telling him that she could not leave his uncle while he remained in such a miserable state as he had seen him in.

The next thing to be done was to see the funeral of his father conducted in a proper manner, which task was left for Scipio, who performed it in so magnificent a manner that all the people in the town were amazed. Some said that it would have been more becoming our adventurer to have kept his father from starving, than to have thrown away so much money on his funeral. But such said they was the conduct of all such upstart courtiers. Such treatment from the people among whom he had been brought up from his most early infancy, had such an effect upon Gil Blas, that he resolved for ever to leave the place of his nativity, and after giving his mother one hundred pistoles, with a promise of the same as long as she lived, yearly, he left Oviedo early in the morning, lest he should have been stoned to death by the populace, which ought to serve as a lesson to all those young persons, who having acquired fortunes at court, return to the places of their nativity, where they are sure to be treated with every mark of contempt.

Our adventurer, with Scipio, proceeded on their journey till they arrived at the estate, which

was cultivated in the best manner, and servants were in the house for their reception. When they came to the gate, the servants came out to receive them with all demonstrations of joy, and conducted them to the house where an elegant supper was ready for them. The evening was spent in a most agreeable manner, for Don Alphonso had taken care that all these noble preparations should be made for Gil Blas, lest he himself should have been taxed with ingratitude.

In the morning they were awaked by the firing of guns, which upon enquiry proved to be no more than that of a few of the peasants who had met in the hall, in order to celebrate the arrival of their new landlord.

When they had been settled a few weeks at the new house, and every thing put in proper order, our adventurer set out for Valencia, to visit Don Alphonso and his lady Seraphina. He was received in the most complaisant manner, and treated with every thing that the place could afford. Many very expensive entertainments were made to welcome him, and Seraphina among other things told him, that her old waiting-maid, who had a cancer on her back, had been dead some time. The affront he gave her preyed upon her constitution, and threw her into a consumption, which put a period to her life under the most agonizing pains.

Gil Blas could not help regretting the fate of a woman whom he could not love, but as he knew that he had not intentionally done her any injury, so he made himself entirely easy on
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that head. He then went to visit the most noted places in the city, and seeing a large building with many people going into it, he enquired what it was, and was told it was the play-house. Curiosity prompted him to go in, where he doubted not but he should meet with great entertainment; for notwithstanding his love of a country life yet he was fond of the stage.

Gil Blas being placed in the governors box, attended to the music, which was tolerable; but when the players made their appearance and began to act, he was astonished that such insipid stuff, represented by the worst theatrical geniuses he had ever seen, should receive the applause of all ranks of people. He got up next morning before the rest of the family, in order to view more public places than he had seen the preceding day.

He had not proceeded far when he met a Carthusian friar, and looking at him attentively, he found him no other than the famous adventurer Don Raphael. He was so much surprized that he could scarce believe, and as the friar walked on to the convent pretty briskly our adventurer followed him, and when he knocked at the gate, a friar who acted as porter proved to be no other than his old servant Ambrose. He told Gil Blas that when they parted from him, they travelled to Valencia; in order to give the world some more specimens of their ingenuity; but happening to go into the church of the Carthusians, when the fathers were at their public devotions, they were struck with the tranquility and peace of mind which they

seemed to enjoy, especially when compared with their own wicked lives.

Upon their return from the church they began to talk to each other on what they had seen, and as both were of the same mind, they applied to the prior of the convent, who admitted them as novices, and at the end of the year they both took the vows. He added, that Don Raphael was so expert in business, that he was appointed treasurer of the convent; and, so far was he changed in his manners, that although much engaged in secular business, yet his thoughts were fixed on nothing but eternity.

He had scarce done speaking when Don Raphael made his appearance, and Gil Blas who was transported with joy to find that he was in the way to happiness clasped him in his arms, and embraced him in the tenderest manner. After some conversation with them he took his leave and returned to Don Alphonso whom he found at breakfast with his lady. He told him that he had been to see two old acquaintances of his, namely, Don Raphael and Ambrose, who had both taken the vows in a Carthusian monastery, and that Don Raphael had behaved so well that he was now the steward, an office which he discharged with the strictest fidelity.

Don Alphonso was not much pleased with what he heard, for he thought them both such villains that they must have gone into the convent with no other view but to rob the monks. These suspicions were but too well grounded, for in a few days afterwards they both decamped with

with a very considerable sum of money, leaving the monks to deplore their loss.

After staying about a week with Don Alphonso, our adventurer returned to his estate, where he found his faithful Scipio, who told him that he had discharged his duty, and that he had been so happy as to procure a good collection of books, which he discovered in one of the rooms that they had forgot to examine. The next thing to be done was to reform the house, by turning away all such of the servants as were not necessary to be kept. These things being all performed, he gave his tenants leave to attend him as often as they thought proper; and one day among the rest who came, was a rich farmer, who presented his daughter Antonio, a lovely young girl, dressed in the plainest manner; but her real beauty could not be concealed. Gil Blas no sooner saw the young creature than he was smitten with her charms; and her father not doubting but he had an intention to seduce her, immediately took her home to his own house. But for all that he was not able to efface the deep impression that his daughter's beauty had made on the heart of Gil Blas, and therefore he resolved to make his addresses to her in the most honourable terms. In a word, he resolved to marry the beloved object, upon condition that he could obtain her and her father's consent. Accordingly Scipio was sent to converse with the father, and soon after Gil Blas was himself admitted on the footing of a lover.

Every thing being settled, the lovely Antonio having given her consent, Gil Blas set out for

Valentia to make Don Alphonso acquainted with his design, and that young nobleman was so condescending that both he and his lady accompanied him to his estate, where they honoured the nuptials with their presence.

As soon as the nuptials were over, Don Alphonso returned to Valentia, leaving our new married couple to enjoy all those pleasure that flow from virtuous love. The fields and gardens afforded them all the amusement they could desire; and as Scipio was one of the most diverting fellows that could be, he one day related his own adventures in the following words.

“ Had it been my own choice I would have been the son of a grandee of Spain, but as ill luck would have it, my father was no other than an archer and my mother a gipsy. When I was about seven years of age, my mother, who could not refrain from pretending to exercise her skill in magic, one day gathered a great crowd together, saying that she would raise the devil, which she did in the person of my father; upon which she was taken to the inquisition and I was sent to the orphan house. As there were some very charitable persons who attended the house, particularly priests, they soon took notice of me; and some of them were so obliging as to teach me latin. When I had been there about two years I ran away, and after travelling several miles on the road towards Seville, I set down under a tree, and in revenge to the book for which my posteriors had sustained many lashes, I tore out all the leaves. When I had sat there some time, an aged hermit came up
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and invited me to partake of his cheer, of which he informed me he had a large share.

“ I consented to go along with the hermit, who took me to a most elegant cell, furnished out with all sorts of the necessaries of life, and after I had eaten heartily, he told me that all I had to do was to lead an ass about the neighbourhood with two paniers on his back, in order to receive the alms of the charitable. This I complied with, and next morning had such success in my new employment, that I returned home with as much provisions as would have served a family a whole week. This lazy, idle, voluptuous life, could not fail of being very agreeable to a young boy of my disposition, and therefore I liked it extremely well, till one day seeing the old hermit put some money into a cushion which he used as a pillow, I had a strong inclination to examine the contents. As he went once every week to Toledo, I embraced the opportunity of his absence to put my scheme in practice, and therefore having ripped up the cushion, found in it no less than fifty crowns. Now my gypsey nature began to appear, and I set out with the money, thinking myself as rich as if I had been in possession of the Indies. When I had travelled two days, I came to a small village where there was an inn, and the landlady taking a liking to me, hired me as a servant. I took care to conceal my money in the hay-loft, but as I was every now-and-then examining the contents of my bag, the landlady had some mistrust, and having discovered the place, appropriated it to her own use; and then ordered the hostler to give me

fifty lashes with a horse-whip, after which I was turned away.

“ I lamented the loss of my money, and the curate of the parish happening to meet me, took me home to his own house, where under pretence of being my friend, he got me to tell him that I had robbed the hermit. Upon that he went to the landlady and demanded the money, telling her that he would restore it to the right owner, and she was obliged to deliver it. He then consigned me to the care of a carrier, under pretence of sending me to his kinsman, who was one of the canons of Toledo, but in reality his intention was to send me home to the orphan house. This I discovered by a letter dropping out of the carrier's pocket. I did not lose one moment in giving him the slip, and getting some hours before him to Toledo, a gentleman who met me in the street hired me as his servant. This gentleman was a gamester, and with him I lived extremely well about a month, when we set out for Seville. Here we remained some time, when my master informed me he was to set out for Italy. I had no intention to leave Spain, and as my master had often whipped me in a very severe manner, I was determined to be revenged on him. Accordingly I let a thief into the house, who took his trunk on his shoulders, but being met at the door by my master, he threw it down and then took to his heels. I was immediately discharged, and I lost no time in making off as fast as possible.

“ The first place I stopped at was the archbishop's palace, and it being supper time, the smell of the kitchen regaled my nose in so agreeable

able a manner that I lacked to taste of it. Accordingly running into the yard, I called out help for God sake, when the cook coming out took me in and told me that I should lodge there that night, for I had made him believe that I was pursued by a bully who waited for me in the street. This was just what I wanted, and next morning I was entered among the number of scullions.

“ It is needless to mention in how luxurious a manner I lived, but still I was fond of playing my tricks. The birth-day of the archbishop happening soon after, a grand entertainment was provided for the servants, and nothing less would serve them than to have a play acted. I was made choice of to represent the young king of Leon, but being obliged to go behind the scenes, I made off with the royal robes and run to the house of the bully, whom I had engaged to rob my former master.

“ The bully congratulated me on my success, and next day having sent for a broker, the robes were disposed of, and besides a second hand suit I was allowed a small trifle, with strict orders to leave Toledo immediately.

“ I then set out for Cordova, where I took up my lodgings at a genteel inn and shewed my landlord my money.

“ The landlord did not seem to take much notice of me, only that I was introduced to the rest of the company and partook of a plentiful supper. There happened to be in company a person who had just come from Toledo, and who related to them what passed at the archbishop's palace that night I made my escape.

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He said that when the moors who according to the play came to take me prisoner and found I was gone, nothing was to be heard but uproar and confusion. The play was at a stand, and the archbishop coming to ask the reason of the disturbance, was told that the king had made off with the royal robes.

“ His grace laughed heartily, and saying that he did right in flying from the enemies of our holy religion, added, that there was no doubt but he was gone to Leon to take possession of his kingdom, and therefore ordered that none of them should follow me. I remained at the inn till my money was almost spent, and then my landlord began to look very bad upon me. This put me in mind that it was high time to be gone, and one day going into the church of the dominicans, a beggar came up and asked alms of me. I gave him some small matter, and then desired him to go and pray that I might obtain a place.

“ The beggar having viewed me attentively asked what place I wanted, upon which I told him that of a foot boys. He desired me to call the next day at the same place which I did, and the beggar having conducted me to a cellar near the church, where he lodged, we both sat ourselves down on a long bench. The beggar told me he knew one Alexis, a dominican friar, who wanted a boy, and that he would immediately recommend me to him.

“ When we came to the Dominican's lodgings, we found him writing, and no sooner had he time to speak to us, than he told me, that he did not want a boy, but he had a friend a woollen-dra-
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draper who wanted one, and he would take care to recommend me to him. He then spent near an hour in giving me such recommendations as he thought would enable me to discharge my duty, after which he sent me to the house of his friend, who was a very rich man, and had his shop furnished with the best of goods. In that house I was treated in the most hospitable manner, for my master was a man of great simplicity. He was a widower with only two children, one of whom was a wild rakish boy, and the other a girl of about eleven years of age.

“One day my master told me that his son made it a common practice to rob him, and as the foot-boy he had before connived at his practices he thought proper to turn him away. He then told me that he would have me to watch his motions, and give him an account from time to time. I promised to do as he desired, and being introduced to my young master, I soon found that he was such an adept to every scheme of iniquity that he readily discovered that I was one who would not be proof against his bribes. He knew for what purpose I was appointed by his father, and one day taking me aside he swore that if I acted as a spy on his conduct he would cudgel me in so severe a manner, that I should never forget it as long as I lived. He concluded by telling me that his father had kept him in leading-strings, and that he would not give him money to supply his pleasures. I told him that although I was a spy on his conduct, yet I would take care to serve him faithfully, upon which he clasped me in his arms, and declared that I was the most accomplished young lad he had
had

had ever met with. As I had free access to my master's chamber, so I soon discovered the place where my master kept his strong box, and having got the impression of the key in wax, I had another made like it, and brought my young master a heavy bag of gold, without being suspected. In a few days afterwards I brought him another, which pleased the young gentleman so much, that he gave himself up in the most extravagant manner to the company of lewd women.

“ It was not long before the old gentleman missed his bags, and one day, taking me aside, told me that his son had contrived some means or other to rob him, but hoped that I was not an accomplice. This was a fatal stroke to his son, whose money being spent was afraid that he would be ridiculed by his dulceneas, and therefore he was obliged to borrow of me that part which came to my share, in consequence of my having robbed the strong box. This small matter did not, however, hold out long, for the money being spent, the wicked youth proposed poisoning his father, and actually desired me to be an accomplice. I shuddered at the thought, and said all I could to dissuade him from such a horrid purpose, but in vain for he told me he was determined to go through with it. As I knew I should be involved in the punishment, though innocent of the crime, in consequence of my near connection with the young gentleman, I resolved to make a discovery of the whole to my master, for I found that nothing less could save either his life or my own.

“ Accordingly

“ Accordingly one day I fell on my knees before my master, and told him that I had assisted his son to rob him, and that I had got an impression of the key of his strong box made in wax. For some time he could scarce believe me, but what was his surprize when he learned that his son intended to deprive him of life. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, and then turning to me enjoined me silence, telling me that he would soon disappoint all his schemes. Next day the old gentleman told his son, that he had, by the interest of his friends, provided a rich match for him at Merida, and if he had no objections they would set out the same day for the place.

“ As the youth was now in hopes of getting money to support his extravagance, so he made no objections, and the same day they set out together. When they had travelled two days they found themselves among some barren inhospitable mountains, where the father having alighted desired his son to follow his example. The youth complied, upon which the father looking at him with anger and grief in his countenance, told him that he was no stranger to his base intentions. That he would not disgrace his son so far as to suffer him to take him off by poison, but laying his breast open desired him to stab that father, who, under God, was the author of his being. This was more than the young man could bear, and, therefore, getting upon his mule, he rode off as fast as possible, and entered himself among the carthusians of Seville there to spend the remainder of his days.

“ This circumstance awakened my mind to a sense of duty, and for the future I resolved to leave

leave off my roguish practices. I communicated my intentions to my master, but as he thought it would be imprudent to trust me any longer, he recommended me to a gentleman who was a constant customer at his shop. This gentleman was one of those cavaliers who are extremely fond of being reckoned wits, and that no opportunity might be wanting for him to display his talents, he usually spent the evenings with an old lady, whose house was the resort of all the wits in the town. It was not long before the young cavalier fell violently in love with the lady's fortune, and in consequence of proposals being made to her, she consented to become his bride. The nuptial ceremonies took place, but when the evening came that they should have both gone to bed, the lady told her spouse that she would never lie with him, for she had only married him to enjoy his company as a friend, after which she retired with her woman to her own apartment, telling him by no means to follow her.

“ For some time we sat staring in surprize at each other, and at last went to bed, where I slept very well till next morning, when the rejoicings for the nuptials began. My master made me a present of fifty pistoles, and my mistress a hundred, after which I was made their secretary. My mistress delivered up all her effects to her young husband, and soon after we set out for Toledo. While we were there I stopped to meet with Beatrice, the waiting maid of Donna Julia, the youngest daughter of the Count de Polan. I was in an instant in love, and said every thing I could to engage her in my favour. But all I
could

could do proved for some time of no manner of service, but no sooner did she know that I was in the honourable employment of secretary, than she consented to give me her hand, and we were married privately, without making any of the servants acquainted with it, who are seldom fit to be trusted with secrets.

“It was usual for us to meet in the evenings in the garden, and, one night having come to the place at the time agreed on, I found the door open, but there was no person there, I walked from one place to another, till happening to come up to an arbour I heard a man talking to my wife, and begging of her that she would not defer his happiness any longer. I could not conceal my rage any longer. I flew to the place, and encountering a man who seemed to be very expert at the sword, I made a pass at him upon which he fell. This person, as I afterwards learned, was Fernand de Levya, who had come there at that time to meet Julia, but as I thought I had killed him, so I did not stop one moment but left Toledo with the clothes I had on my back, and twenty pistoles in my pocket. I never looked behind me all the night, and next morning coming to a church I went in to say my prayers. I had not been long there when a carrier going past the door attracted my attention, and I ran out to ask him whither he was going; he told me to Madrid, upon which I agreed for my passage, and we set out together for that celebrated city.

“In the evening we arrived at an inn, and I being extremely hungry ordered a good supper to be got ready. The landlord told me my orders

ders should be complied with, and accordingly two fine ragouts were served up. The carrier and I eat heartily of one, but he refusing to taste the other, I began to be inquisitive what reason he had to reject it. He told me that he believed it was a cat, for it was common for the innkeepers on that road to dress up cats instead of rabbits. This was such a mortification to me, that I cursed both the innkeeper and his cook, and then going to bed, slept well till morning.

“ When we arrived at Madrid, I knew not what course I was to take in order to procure a subsistence, but when my money was all spent, I found myself under the necessity of looking out for some place. Accordingly I got into the service of a doctor belonging to Salamanca, an arrant pedant, who had left the university to see a relation at Madrid, and after having finished his business took me along with him. His name was Dr. De Jupiqua, and the relation he had at Madrid was Catalina, a young woman who belonged to the prince’s family. By the interest of that female he had the good fortune to procure the archdeaconry of Granada, and made choice of me to accompany him thither, in the quality of a servant.

“ This, however, was what I had no intention to comply with, for I did not chuse to be so far from the place of my nativity. Accordingly I feigned myself sick, and a physician being sent for, he declared that my life was in danger, upon which the old gentleman who was impatient to take possession of his new living, hired another servant, and left me to the care of a nurse, with money sufficient to support me.

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When I found he was gone, I soon cured myself by discharging the physician and the nurse, tho' not till the latter had robbed me of one half of what was allowed for my subsistence. Catalina fell violently in love with me, and insisted that I should give her my hand, but I told her I could not do it because I was already married, and doubted not but my wife was still alive. This threw her into a most violent passion, and she called me by all the opprobrious names she could express, which put me out of all manner of patience.

“ While things remained in this situation, I learned that Gil Blas, favourite to the minister of state, wanted a servant, and accordingly I made my addresses to him. I was hired by him, and having now left off all my gypsey tribe, I will never desire a better master.”

Scipio having made an end of his story, he soon discovered that Beatrice, his wife, was no other than the waiting woman of Antonia, the lady of Gil Blas. This gave him the utmost satisfaction, and soon after both the ladies were taken in labour. Beatrix was delivered of a daughter, and Antonia, to the infinite joy of Gil Blas, of a son. But, alas ! both Antonia and her son died, which affected him so much, that he fell into a profound melancholy. Scipio, who could not behold with indifference the sufferings of his master, wrote a long letter to Don Alphonso, and that generous young gentleman lost not one moment in coming to see his friend. He proposed that Gil Blas should set out for the castle of Lirias, there to enjoy such diversions as would divert his melancholy, and accordingly leaving

Scipio

Scipio and his wife in the house, he accompanied his friend.

He had not been long at Lirias when Don Alphonso coming one morning hastily into his chamber, told him that there was a report that the king was dead, that the prince had ascended the throne, and that Don Guzman was the prime minister.

It was then proposed that Gil Blas should set out for Madrid, to wait upon the king, but to this he had the utmost aversion, especially as he had given him such offence when he was prince. But Don Alphonso, as well as his father in law, Don Cæsar, insisted on it, so that he was in a manner obliged to comply.

When he arrived at Madrid he took ready-furnished lodgings, in one of the best streets in the city, and for three weeks continued to dance attendance at court. At last the king one day cast his eyes upon him, and asked him to walk into his chamber. There they entered into the most familiar discourse together, but they were interrupted by the arrival of the prime minister, who looked upon our adventurer with a jealous eye. The king desired the minister to take him immediately under his protection, and next morning he attended the levee, in order to know what post he was to fill. There, however, he was but scurvily treated, for the minister's secretary coming out, asked him some questions in an insolent manner, and then desired him to call again next day. His reception at the second interview was still worse than the first, and as he did not chuse to return to the castle of Segovia, he resolved to return to his Estella. In
this

this he was seconded by his friend Scipio, who had come to attend him, but in his return home to his lodgings, he happened to meet with Joseph Alvarro, clerk of the kitchen to one of his old masters, and he saluted him in the most polite manner.

This person told him that the minister was of a very whimsical temper, but as he was no more than the servant of the king, he doubted not but our adventurer would be able to make his fortune. He advised him to attend the levee of the minister next day, which he promised to do; and after he had waited some time, his excellency having cast his eyes upon him, spoke to him in the most friendly manner. He told him that he was so much prepossessed in his favour, that had the king given him no recommendation, he should have taken the whole upon himself. He desired to see him often till he could think of something proper for him, which so encouraged our adventurer, that he returned to his lodgings filled with hopes of being one of the greatest men in Spain. He fell at the minister's feet, and implored a thousand blessings upon him, after which he took his leave with an intention of coming to the levee as often as possible.

In the morning Gil Blas went to visit the minister, and was most graciously received. His excellency asked him many questions concerning the Duke de Lerma, and particularly in what manner, and for what reason he had been dismissed from his service. Our adventurer told him, that he ascribed the whole of his disgrace to one of his brother secretaries, who at that time was under prosecution for some abuse of trust, upon
which

which the minister answered, that he was glad, because he would be able to give evidence against him. Upon that, the minister dismissed him, telling him, that he would be employed in his service the next day.

Handsome apartments were assigned him in the minister's house, to which he removed the same night, and found an elegant supper provided for him. Every thing was served up in the same manner as at a prince's table, and the servants appointed to wait on him, treated him with the utmost respect. In the morning, as soon as he had dressed he was ordered to attend the prime minister in his closet, because he wanted to communicate to him something of the utmost importance.

The business for which he was sent for, was no other than to draw up a memorial, setting forth the distress of the kingdom from one end to the other, in consequence of the conduct of the late minister. This was with a view of prejudicing the people against the Duke de Lerma, and then he was to conclude the whole, by pointing out the vast advantages that would arise to the people, in consequence of the present minister being placed at the head of public affairs.

This last our adventurer executed in so masterly a manner; that the minister was ravished with it, and just when Gil Blas left the presence chamber, a servant followed him with a bag, containing three hundred pistoles. This money he divided in the following manner: one hundred he put into his own pocket; another he sent to his mother; and the third he gave to Scipio, his faithful confidant, whom he dispatched the same day

day to wait on Don Alphonso and his father-in-law, Don Cæsar, to inform them of his success at court, and to require their immediate attendance at Madrid.

A few days after his departure, our adventurer was again sent for by the minister, who employed him to draw up a second memorial, setting forth, that there was a necessity, in order to relieve the exigencies of the state, to impose a tax on all places of profit, whether civil or ecclesiastical, so that the money might be kept undiminished in the royal treasury. But this was not all, for he ordered, that such as had acquired fortunes under the Duke de Lerma, should give an account in what manner they had procured them, and such as were not able to give satisfactory answers, were to be stripped of their whole estates. This important piece of service took up three days in compiling, and it not only gave the utmost satisfaction to the master, but the people when they read it, began to consider him as a second redeemer; so easy is it for artful men to work on the passions of the vulgar.

Gil Blas spent his leisure hours in visiting the public places, and one day while he was walking through one of the public hospitals, he discovered his old friend Fabricius laying on a flock bed, in a very emaciated condition. He seemed scarce like a human creature, which struck our adventurer so much, that he could not help pitying him, and also asking what turn of bad fortune had brought him to that miserable condition, Fabricius told him, that it was the fate of authors in general to find an asylum in an hospital, when all other places denied them admittance, and that
although

although he had written many plays and novels, yet such was his fate, that he had come there at last. Our adventurer sympathized with him, and as he seemed to be in a fair way of recovery, and had promised to renounce poetry for ever, he told him he would make such provision for him as would enable him to provide for himself in an honest manner. In the mean time, Gil Blas became more and more the favourite of the minister, who did not fail to make him promises of the most extravagant nature. While he was revolving on these dreams of uninterrupted and unexampled happiness, Scipio returned from his journey, which had taken him up near six weeks. Scipio told him, that Don Alphonso, as well as his father-in-law, were in such raptures, that they would soon come to court to wait on him, but as for his mother and his uncle the priest, they were both dead.

The minister, who had continued a whole week lost in thought, sent for Gil Blas into his study, and told him that he had some thoughts of marrying his daughter, to whom several of the Spanish nobility had paid their addresses. He added, that he approved of the Marquis de Toral, and Gil Blas highly commended his choice. But the minister, in order to gain the approbation of the king, asked his advice, and found that his majesty had no objection to the match, telling him at the same time, that his son-in-law should be sure of his favour. Accordingly the match took place, and at the end of ten months, the lady was delivered of a dead child, and she herself in a few days afterwards followed it to the grave. This seemed to affect the minister in the
most

most sensible part, but a continual hurry of public business prevented it from preying on his spirits. One evening as Gil Blas was taking the air in his coach, he saw Fabricius, and beckoned him to come up to him. The poet had longed to call upon our adventurer when he left the hospital, but pride had once more brought him into the service of the muses. He told our adventurer that he had been taken into the family of a rich Spanish nobleman, who had employed him to write a play, and that it was to be acted at the royal theatre in a few evenings.

Gil Blas did not say much to him at that time, but when the piece was brought on the stage, it was treated with every mark of contempt, nor could the actors go through one half of it. Gil Blas advised him to give over all thoughts of writing for the stage, and betake himself to some other employment; to which he made no answer, but in two days afterwards the poet returned and told him, that although his play had been condemned, yet it brought him some considerable advantages. It seems the don with whom he lived had written the greater part of the play, and no sooner did he find it condemned, than in order to be revenged on the public, he took the nominal author Fabricius to a lawyer, and by written deeds, conveyed to him an estate for his future subsistence through life, so that the enmity of the public procured him a fortune.

The continual prosperity that flowed upon Gil Blas made him able to serve his friends, and Scipio, who had stood by him, under so many difficulties, was sent to the West-Indies as governor of one of the provinces, and secretary to the com-

mander in chief, a place that he was the more desirous of, because he was allowed to carry on an extensive trade.

Scipio was scarce gone, when a page came to inform Gil Blas, that one of his best friends wanted to speak with him, and when he went to the place, he found it was no other than Don Alphonso. The young nobleman told him, that the government of Valencia had been taken from him, and that the minister had sent for him to court to give an account of his conduct. It seems Don Alphonso had visited the Duke de Lerma, who was then in exile, and that had brought upon him the vengeance of the minister.

Gil Blas was too much interested in the fate of his friend, not to do every thing in his power to serve him, and therefore going to the minister, laid the whole before him in the most moving terms. He was not left long in suspense; for the minister told him, that if his friend had been removed from one employment, he would bestow upon him a better, and accordingly made him viceroy of the kingdom of Arragon.

This piece of news he immediately imparted to Don Alphonso, and took him to the minister, who treated him with every mark of respect. He told him, that the place he had bestowed upon him, though one of the noblest in Spain, was not above his birth, and that the people would no doubt approve of his choice. Don Alphonso having dispatched a messenger to inform his lady and his father-in-law of his good success, they both came to wait on him at Madrid, and bestowed a thousand praises on Gil Blas, for having in so noble a manner interested himself in their
favour.

favour. None but a virtuous mind can conceive what Gil Blas felt on this occasion, when he saw a whole family happy, who were on the brink of being plunged into misery.

One day, while Gil Blas was at court, he saw among other persons, the keeper of the castle of Segovia, who had treated him with so much kindness, and Don Gaston, who had been his fellow prisoner. The keeper told him that he had been advanced to a better place, and Don Gaston had been set at liberty for no other reason but that he had been imprisoned by order of the Duke de Lerma. He then told our hero, that he, Don Gaston, had repaired immediately to wait on the minister, who received him with great condescension, and gave him a month to go and visit his aunt.

In his journey to his aunt's he passed through some mountains that are but little frequented, where he met three men engaged with a cavalier, who defended himself with great bravery. Don Gaston was so shocked at the inequality of the combat, that he went up to the assistance of the cavalier. One of the assailants, who were all masked, was killed, and the other two fled with the utmost precipitation; but how great was the surprise of Don Gaston, when he found that the person whose life he had saved, was Don Combados, who had married the fair Donna Helena. As both were wounded, Don Combados sent an express to his wife, and she arriving, he told her the whole particulars of the trick he had played, and soon after expired.

Don Gaston was in a few months afterwards married to Helena, and the minister gave him a

lieutenant's commission in the Spanish guards, which he then enjoyed. The keeper of Segovia not being in every respect pleased with his new appointment, Gil Blas procured him the place of keeper of the royal prison of Valladolid; for this man had, in his own mind, designed to be a goaler to the last.

Thus fortune still smiled on Gil Blas, and as he could not forget his friends, he went one evening to visit the poet Fabricius, in order to know in what manner he lived on the genteel appointment that had been settled on him. He found him in company with some ragged authors and strolling players, all of whom looked upon themselves as far superior to every other of the human race, though they had not so much money in their pockets as would purchase them a supper, or a night's lodging. He could not help pitying the folly of those who set up for authors, when it is well known that their productions seldom keep them from starving, and for that time took leave of his friend.

Soon after this, the minister took him aside, and told him there was at Toledo, a famous actress, of whom the king had heard such an extraordinary character, that he was determined to send for her to Madrid, and our adventurer was dispatched thither to make proper proposals to her.

When he arrived in that city it was late in the evening, and therefore he took up his lodgings at an inn, where having partook of a plentiful supper, he went to rest. In the morning he was awakened by the ringing of bells, and when he enquired the reason, he was told that they were
going

going to celebrate an act of faith, or in other words, that they were going to punish those poor unhappy wretches, who had been condemned by the inquisition. But how great was his surprise when among those who had been condemned, he saw in the solemn procession, Don Raphael; and Ambrose, who had at last, by the repetition of their crimes, tired the patience of heaven.

The ceremony being over, Gil Blas made proper enquiries relating to the female actresses, and learned that Lucretia was the most celebrated among them. He learned further, that she had an aunt whose name was Estella, and that next to her niece, she was one of the best actresses of the company. From the description he had not the least doubt but the actress Estella was the celebrated Laura, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, and therefore when the play was over, he went to speak with her behind the scenes.

She pretended to treat him in the most indifferent manner, which made him retire in disgust, but next day a page came to his lodgings with a letter, and desired him to follow him. This he complied with, and found Laura at her toilet, who received him with open arms, making an apology for having treated him so the preceding night. They both recounted their adventures to each other, and when Gil Blas told her that he knew Lucretia was not her niece, she only laughed at his folly, and told him that she had a right to make any person her niece whom she pleased. While they were speaking, the young actress came into the room, adorned with all those charms which to our sex are irresistible. She was

not much above fourteen, but endowed with so much wit, that it was impossible to see her without being charmed both with the beauties of her person and mind. After a few compliments and some presents, he took his leave, and next day returned to Madrid, to give the minister an account in what manner he had executed his commission.

When he arrived, he found the minister impatient to know every particular relating to the beautiful actress, and was quite transported when he found that her real merits even exceeded the highest encomiums that had been passed upon her. He told the minister, that there was not one perfection that could adorn a female that was wanting in her, that she would be an ornament to the theatre of Spain, and therefore desired that she might be sent for as well as her aunt Estella, whom our adventurer had described in the most lively colours.

Gil Blas was not backward in performing his duty to the minister, and going to the under secretary, told him to make out an order in the king's name for Estella and her niece Lucretia, to repair to Madrid, in order to act on the king's theatre. The order was no sooner delivered, than they took leave of Toledo, and arrived at the capital, where they were received with every mark of respect. Gil Blas was sent for to wait on them, which he did in the most obliging manner, and the king being eager to see them, they were ordered to get themselves ready to act their parts of a play that was to be represented in a few nights.

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It is impossible to express the applause with which they were received, for most of the people declared that they had never seen two such actresses before. The minister in particular took such notice of young Lucretia, that he told Gil Blas he had for ever endeared himself to him; and that he would do every thing in his power to serve him.

The king, who happened to be absent that night, hearing in what manner they had been received, gave orders that they should act before him at his own theatre. When the time for acting arrived, the king took his place in the box, impatient to see the fair Lucretia, upon whom he fixed his eyes with the utmost attention. He was smitten with her charms, and when the play was over, he sent for the minister, whom he informed of his intention of making her his mistress.

Next morning Gil Blas was sent for, and the minister, after treating him in the most affable manner, told him, that he must wait on the king in his own closet, he having given orders that no other person should be admitted to him at the same time. These orders could not be disputed, and when Gil Blas arrived, the king asked him a thousand questions, in order to know whether Lucretia had ever yet been engaged in an intrigue. Our adventurer assured him to the contrary, with which the king was so well pleased, that he put into his hand a casket of rich jewels, desiring him to deliver them to her.

Gil Blas promised to obey his majesty's orders, and taking leave of the palace, went to inform the minister, who was so well pleased with what he

told him, that he said while the king had a mistress, he would be sure to govern all things in whatever manner he pleased. Our adventurer, however, had not such sanguine hopes, he could not forget the castle of Segovia, and as he had been once sent there in consequence of an intrigue, he knew not but the second might prove more fatal.

He communicated to Laura in the most modest terms, the proposal made by the king, and that his arguments might be in the very sense of the word irresistible, he shewed her the jewels his majesty had sent as a present to her niece. Laura affected great indifference, expressing her surprise that the king should make such an offer, and told our adventurer, that she was sure her niece would never give her consent. This, however, did not satisfy Gil Blas, who was too well acquainted with the character of actresses, to imagine that Laura was such a novice as to say any thing to the young woman, that would in the least induce her to reject the offer that had been made her by her sovereign, in so generous a manner, that many of the first ladies at court would have been glad of them.

Gil Blas, who had formed such sanguine hopes of the fair Lucretia, was surprised to learn that this young actress was no other than the daughter of Laura, and although her mother had prevailed upon her to comply with the king's desires, yet the seeds of virtue not being totally eradicated from her tender mind, she left her mother, and soon after died of a broken heart in a convent, where she only spent a few weeks, reflecting on the loss of her honour. This had such an effect

on Gil Blas, that he resolved never after to be concerned in any such vile intrigues, and having communicated his intentions to the minister, that nobleman told him that he highly approved of his conduct. He added, that he had once fell in love with a Genoese lady, who was at the same time the mistress of several others ; but as she had borne a son, which for any thing he knew might be his, he was determined to make him his heir. Gil Blas heard this strange proposal with surprise ; but as he did not chuse to call in question what was said by one of his high rank, therefore he was appointed to superintend his education.

Gil Blas lost no time in procuring masters for the young heir, whose title was recognized by a public deed, and according to instructions from the minister, he formed a household for him equal to his dignity. This was the most disagreeable task he had ever yet undertaken, for he was obliged to inquire into the merits of the different masters who offered themselves, but often found them such dunces, that he was obliged to dismiss them with peculiar marks of contempt.

While he remained in the utmost state of perplexity about settling the young nobleman's household, his friend Scipio arrived from the West Indies. As he had had good success, and returned with a considerable sum of money, besides all sorts of rich merchandize, so he intended to embark once more for that part of the globe. Gil Blas, however, told him that nothing in the world would be more improper, because he could provide for him in Spain, and his proposal was accepted by Scipio, who preferred his native country to all others. Accordingly he was made

valet de chambre to the young nobleman, in which station he acquitted himself with so much integrity, that every one approved of his prudent conduct. The minister finding that his adopted son made great progress in his learning, procured for him the honour of knighthood, and soon after got him married to the daughter of the Duke of Castile, at that time one of the richest noblemen in Spain.

This match was brought about by that influence which an upstart minister is at all times sure to have over the antient nobility, and as soon as every thing was settled, Gil Blas was told that the king had for his many services received him in the rank of a gentleman. In vain did he plead the obscurity of his birth, for the minister told him that the honourable offices in which he had been employed took off all imputations of that nature. Having received the patent he went to the proper office where it was registered in form, and thus our adventurer was raised to the rank of one of the *grandees* of Spain, without having so much as asked for it. Such are the various revolutions that often take place at court, but sure no man would wish to enjoy them at the expence of honour and conscience, while he has an easy independant income to repose himself on in the country. This is, perhaps, the worst part of our heroes character, who seemed at that time to have forgot the prison of Segovia; but who can account for all the changes of fortune, when too often it involves its favourites in ruin.

Gil Blas thus a nobleman was courted by all his old acquaintance, and among the rest was
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the poet Fabricius. He had not seen the poet for some time, but still imagined that he was regaling himself on the fortune that had been left him by the generous Spanish nobleman, who took him under his protection in consequence of his play having been condemned by the public. Fabricius did not leave him long in suspense, but told him that his patrons whole estate had been seized by the king, so that he was left to starve unless some pamphlets which he had in the press would sell.

Gil Blas saw his unhappy situation and told him that he would provide him the place of a clerk in one of the public offices, but the poet who was quite a slave to the muses told our adventurer that nothing could so much degrade his character. He added, that the minister would soon be out of place, but the sons of Apollo never could. He told our adventurer that he had heard some strange stories, and that if he had any intention of escaping, to avoid making a second visit to Segovia, it would be much for his interest to do it as soon as possible.

It is natural to suppose that Gil Blas who had been so long conversant with courts was affected with this news, and upon further enquiry he found that what Fabricius told him was not groundless. The house of Austria had found a most powerful party in Spain, and by their intrigues the Catalonians had been induced to rebel against the government. The minister found that all the blame was laid upon him, and one day calling Gil Blas into his closet, he told him that the queen was his enemy, and that it
would

would be difficult for him to maintain his ground much longer.

This happened just as he foretold, for the Portuguese who were at that time subject to the Spanish nation, no sooner heard of the revolt of the Catalonians than they all took to arms and asserted that independancy of which they had been too long deprived by lawless power. The queen of Spain who hated the minister, was at the bottom of all these schemes, and she having made the king sensible that the minister had imposed on him, that nobleman with all those belonging to him were immediately disgraced.

In vain did the minister profess his innocence; in vain did he desire an interview with his sovereign; the royal ear was deaf to his intreaties, and every avenue denied him admittance. Finding every thing lost, he ordered a large fire to be made in which he burnt all such papers as he thought could in the least injure him with his sovereign, and having packed up his goods he set out for the place of his exile in such a dejected manner as can only be felt by those whose emulous views have soared beyond the bounds of prudence. Indeed there are few persons except dependants who deplore the fall of an abandoned minister, for every thing bad is laid to his charge. This is not to be wondered at when we consider the different passions of men. There is not perhaps any instance in the world of a great ministers acting with that impartiality which constitutes the character of an honest man. Blinded by power they
consider

consider themselves upon the highest pinnacle of honour, and that nothing can strike at the basis of that foundation on which they stand; but no sooner does the wheel of fortune turn about than they are the most miserable creatures in the universe, because they are not able to bring their minds down to their circumstances, nor to submit to the pleasures of a private life.

Gil Blas was one of those who attended the minister to his place of exile, and they had not been long there when the minister's lady who had been treated with the utmost abuse at Madrid came to them in order to condole with her husband. She found him sinking under the severest degree of melancholy, and to add to his affliction she told him that all mouths were opened against him. This was more than he could bear, for it is no easy matter to find ourselves caressed as the fountains of power to day, and to morrow counted as one of the offscouring of the human race. He gradually sunk under his melancholy, and finding his end approaching, he sent for two notaries to make his will. Here the notaries performed their task with the strictest fidelity, and having received their wages went away, but scarce were they gone when two physicians were called for who acted on the same principles as those laid down by the celebrated doctor Sangrado.

Every thing succeeded as might have been expected and the once great but now despised minister fell a sacrifice, partly to his own melancholy and partly to their ignorant prescriptions. All his domestics lamented him with tears of unaffected sorrow, for whatever might have been his

his character as a minister, yet he was a good master. The funeral obsequies were performed without ceremony, and when the will was opened it was found that he had left several legacies to his domestics, who were to go to Madrid in order to receive the money. They all set out except Gil Blas, who being seized with a violent fever was for some time confined to his room. During that melancholy season he was attended by a Dominican friar, who ordered him to spend the remainder of his days in a convent, a proposal he would have complied with had not Scipio dissuaded him from it. Accordingly our adventurer attended by Scipio set out for Madrid, where he received the legacy left him, and as he was now thoroughly weaned from courts, where he had seen too much duplicity, he resolved to return to the place which he had left, and which he could enjoy in innocence.

Accordingly he set out for the place, and in his way thither visited his friend Don Alphonso, who received him with every mark of respect. From thence he proceeded to his own estate, where he found every thing proper for his reception, and resolved to spend the remainder of his days in retirement, without ever entering into the marriage state.

But he had not been long there when he found that there was a young gentleman in the same neighbourhood who had a most beloved sister unmarried. It was not long before Gil Blas got acquainted with this young lady, and in consequence thereof they were married. A circumstance that forced him for ever far from courts,

courts, and made him in love with those innocent pleasures which cannot be enjoyed any where but in the country. Such were the adventures of Gil Blas, and it must be acknowledged that they exhibit a striking picture of human nature. Upon the whole, the reader is desired to attend to this narrative and compare it with what he has read concerning the manners and customs of Spain, after which he will not find much fault with it.





THE
FEMALE QUIXOTE,
OR THE
ADVENTURES
OF
ARABELLA.

THIS novel is the production of the celebrated Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, a lady who has long been an ornament to the literary world. The design was much the same with that which Cervantes had in view when he wrote his celebrated Don Quixotte, purely to strike at the root of a perverted education. Arabella, the heroine of this work is represented as brought up
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in the country, and having a romantic turn of mind, became so much intoxicated with reading romances, that every man she saw on horse back was a knight, and every farm-house a castle. At last she is partly by accident and partly by proper advice, brought back to reason, and becomes an honour to her family. Such is the subject matter of this novel; and it is hoped that the incidents contained in it will make a very lasting impression on the minds of young readers. Arabella was the only daughter of a celebrated marquis, who, having, in consequence of a change that took place in the ministry, been turned out of his place at court retired to the country in disgust where he married a young lady, who died a few days after the birth of our heroine.

ARABELLA, when about four years of age, was taken from the woman by her father, who taught her to read and write, it being to him rather an amusement than a task, and as her genius was lively, so when she had received instructions, she was sure to retain them in her memory. As she grew up she discovered such sweetness of temper, and had such an engaging appearance, that every one who saw her admired her. But unfortunately her mother had left in her closet a large collection of wild romances, such as Cassandra, Cleopatra, &c. which the young lady read at her leisure hours, and actually imbibed the spirit of them.

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The wild incredible accounts of giants, enchanted castles, and magic charms, filled her head with such notions, that she almost began to fancy herself in fairy land. In this she was not a little strengthened by her constant residence in the country, where she seldom saw much company, for her father, because he had been discarded, had the utmost aversion to ever going near the court. In this manner she lived till she was in the seventeenth year of her age, and so extremely beautiful, that she began to imagine that it would be impossible to conceal her charms, so as to prevent herself from being admired by all that knew her.

Mr. Hervy, a young gentleman, happening to come down to the country from London, on a visit to a friend, saw our heroine one Sunday at church, and as he had never seen any object so beautiful, before he went out of the church, when the service was over, he resolved to offer her his hand; but no sooner had he seen the splendid equipage that attended her, than he was afraid to advance, and he returned home to the house of his friend. His friend told him that as the young lady had been kept in a continual state of confinement, and had never had a lover, so he doubted not but she would accept of the first that offered.

During a whole week, Mr. Hervy employed himself in projecting a thousand schemes, in order to procure an interview with Arabella, who for her part had taken so much notice of him, that in the true stile of romance, she gave orders, that if the knight should attempt to send
any

any letters or messages she was not to receive them.

Lucy, the waiting maid of Arabella, had a brother, a young farmer, in the same neighbourhood, and Mr. Hervy meeting her at his house, proposed giving her a couple of guineas to carry a letter to her mistress. This was the first bribe that had ever been offered her, and for some time she refused to comply, but at last the sight of the money overpowered her, and she yielded to the force of the temptation.

This letter Lucy kept some days in her pocket without opening it, but at last delivered it to her mistress, who opening it, asked her how she had the presumption to disobey her commands. The poor girl was sorry for what she had done, but recalling herself she asked a thousand pardons, which had such an effect on the tender-hearted Arabella, that she forgave her on condition of her carrying it back. This she promised to do; and giving it to Mr. Hervy, whom she met at her brother's house, he opened it in raptures, not doubting but it was an answer to his, but how great was surprize when he found it was his own letter.

Lucy, upon her return to Arabella, told her in what manner Mr. Hervy had behaved, and she being afraid he would kill himself, like the other heroes of romance, ordered her maid to write him a letter in her name, commanding him to live, upon condition that he never interrupted her any more. This letter Lucy carried to her brother, who, being curious to know the contents, broke it open, and declared he had never seen such vile nonsensical stuff in his life. From
that

that time Lucy was ordered to discontinue her visits, and Mr. Hervy, who had given up all thoughts of Arabella, resolved to return to London.

But one morning as she was riding out to take the air, in one of the fields, he happened to see her, and being well mounted, rode up to her. As she doubted not but he was a knight, who had formed a design to seize her person, she screamed out in the most terrible manner.

The servants, who imagined that he was a highwayman with pistols, stood back, nor had they courage to advance; upon which the lady called them traitors, who had come out with an intent to betray her. This reproach stung them to the quick, and as Mr. Hervy did not present a pistol they rode up to him, and dragged him off his horse. As he was not conscious of having given any offence to the lady, he told the servants that they were a pack of rascals; upon which Arabella called him the most perfidious man, and bid him first deliver up his arms, and then retire to some foreign country, there to make atonement for his crimes. Mr. Hervy, who did not comprehend one word she said, imputed the whole to her simplicity; and then, under pretence that he was wanted to transact some business, left the country and set out for London. Soon after this affair, her father had taken a young fellow, a gardner, into his service, who was extremely handsome, and as he had been in several noblemens families he had acquired something of a polite air, to which the country rustics are commonly strangers.

Arabella

Arabella could not help taking notice of this young fellow, and told Lucy that she was sure he was some great prince, who from motives of love to her, had disguised himself in that humble manner. The waiting maid answered that she never thought him any thing more than a gardener, but now as her lady had discovered his real quality, she did not doubt but she was right in the conjecture. One day while she and her maid were walking in the garden, in order to discover whether he had written or carved her name on the bark of the trees, they heard a great noise, and going up to the place from whence it proceeded, saw the head gardener, with a stick in his hand, beating poor Edward, the supposed knight, in the most unmerciful manner. The lady commanded him to desist. She then asked the gardener what the young gentleman had done, and whether he knew his station and condition? The gardener told her that his station was no better than himself, a labourer, but as for his condition it was very bad, for he was a thief. He added that he had detected him in stealing carp out of the fish-pond, and if her ladyship had not come up he would have given him a most hearty drubbing. Arabella's face was covered with blushes, she retired with her maid, but still continued to believe that he was some prince, who had come from the utmost corner of the earth, to behold her more than captivating charms. So disordered was her mind by reading romances.

One day her father took her into her closet, and told her, that her cousin, Mr. Glanville, was just returned from his travels, and that he

was

was to introduce him to her as a lover. As Arabella had no notion of parents prescribing for their children in the article of marriage, she told him she would give him an answer next day, which she did; but before that time she went to consult her romances, in the same manner as lawyers do their books of cases adjudged. She told him that in all things necessary she would be ready to obey her father, but as she had never read of any heroine who consulted the intention of her parents, she would take care to act in a proper manner. The marquis did not comprehend what she meant. But as he did not see how any wrong conclusion could be drawn from her words, he said nothing, but retired to his chamber. While she and her woman were walking together next day in the garden, they were met by the marquis and Mr. Glanville, and the young gentleman, consistent with the rules of true politeness, approached to salute his cousin.

This, however, was considered by her as an unpardonable affront, for her romances had taught her to believe that no knight was to approach his mistress till he had fought several battles in vindication of her honour.

Next day Mr. Glanville was desired by the marquis to wait upon Arabella, but when he came into her chamber he found her dressing, and turning to him she bid him go and learn the rules of knight-errantry, before he presumed again to approach a lady. She said there was not an instance in all the books she had read, of a knight, unless he was a rambler, presuming to make love, or declare a passion for a lady

lady till he had killed several other knights in vindication of her honour ; and going out of the room made him a signal not to follow her.

Mr. Glanville stood for some time in amaze, but retiring to his closet he sat down to consider whether his cousin's brain was not turned, and in the mean time he received a letter from Arabella, written in the most romantic strain. From the whole of the epistle he began to imagine that she was only in jest, and therefore going again to her chamber, he demanded admittance. Arabella, however, remained obstinate, upon which he went away, telling her, in a jocular tone, that he would be revenged on her. She heard his words with terror, but as she did not so much as understand any thing jocular, she began to apprehend that like a true knight-errant, he resolved to take her away by force. All the horrors of her imagination were now wound up to the highest pitch. She recollected the dreadful adventures that she had read in her romances, and every image that presented itself to her view appeared a knight in armour, come to carry her off to some enchanted castle.

For some time she entertained thoughts of communicating her suspicions to her father, but as she knew that he had laid the most absolute commands upon her, she was more perplexed than ever. At last she resolved to save herself by flight, but then she could not find a precedent in all her books of chivalry, she was again reduced to a dreadful dilemma. In this unhappy and anxious state she remained a whole day, every moment apprehending herself in danger, and wishing that some knight would come to her relief,

reprimanded and told never to be seen there again.

All her words seemed so unintelligible to Glanville that he was in amaze, and although he made several attempts to carry on the conversation a little farther, yet such was her attachment to what she had read in her books, that nothing would satisfy her but his immediate departure from her presence. This he promised to comply with, upon condition that she would forgive him, but she told him that time and repentance alone would be able to procure her forgiveness. That it was not proper for ladies to forgive knights, who acted inconsistent with the rules of chivalry, and therefore without speaking one word more, she retired to her closet.

The marquis being pretty well recovered, desired his nephew to walk a little with him next morning in the garden, which he promised to do, but before the time arrived the young gentleman was gone. The marquis did not know what to make of this strange adventure, and while he was ruminating on it he received a letter from his nephew, informing him that he had left his house because lady Arabella had commanded him. The marquis flew into a most violent rage, and accused his daughter in the highest terms, while she who imagined that the young lover had laid violent hands on himself, declared to her father that she had given him no orders for that purpose. He then ordered her to write to her cousin, which she did, and having finished her letter in the true stile of romance, her father took it to read, and declared it was the most arrant nonsense
he

he had ever seen. He asked her who had taught her to write in that stile, and being informed that it was her beloved romances, he swore that they should be all instantly consigned to the flames. Messages were sent to overtake, if possible the young gentleman, and bring him back, which they did to the no small joy of the marquis, who said every thing he could in order to apologize for the strange conduct of his daughter.

As the marquis was extremely uneasy on account of his daughters behaviour, and not knowing what apology to make, he desired him once more to wait upon her, all which he willingly complied with, though from his former reception he had no great reason to form the most sanguine hopes. When he came to the door of her apartment, she told her maid to inform him that she was indisposed, and consequently could not admit him, upon which he retired not doubting but he should see her at supper, which he did, and placed himself at the head of the table. There was such a langour in her countenance, that Mr. Glanville could not help gazing on her charms now in a manner irresistible, and they seemed to be heightened and set off by a double lustre, in consequence of the apparent affliction she laboured under.

When supper was over she would have retired, but the marquis who had some papers to look over in his closet desired her to remain and entertain her cousin till his return.

Her father's commands made her blush with the utmost degree of anger, which her cousin taking notice of told her that he could not con-

ceive what reason he had given her to treat him in so cruel a manner. To this she answered, that he must be very stupid, indeed, not to remember that he had declared he loved her.

“ And pray, madam,” said he “ was it a crime
 “ to say that I loved the most amiable woman
 “ in the world?”—“ Yes, sir,” answered she,
 “ it was a crime in you to tell me that you
 “ loved me; nay, it is an unpardonable crime,
 “ and the last thing that ever I would forgive.”
 “ But custom,” answered Glanville, “ rules
 “ every thing, and I know that no ladies, let
 “ their stations be ever so elevated, would con-
 “ sider it as a crime in me to tell them I loved
 “ them, so as my professions were honourable.”

“ I know not what you call honourable,”
 said Arabella, “ nor who the ladies are to whom
 “ you are pleased to allude; but I am sure there
 “ is not a similar instance either in Cassandra
 “ or Cleopatra, of a lady hearing a knight de-
 “ clare that he loves her without banishing him
 “ from her presence.”

Glanville who was quite impatient, told her that such notions were now utterly exploded, and that they never had any existence except in the brains of poets and romantic writers, and that the world was altogether changed since these books were written. To this Arabella agreed, that if the world was altered it was not for the better, for the ladies whose actions were recorded in those books, were as virtuous as any could possibly be in the present age. She concluded by telling him, that great men never obtained permission to wait on ladies till they had killed several knights who would have at-
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tempted their chastity, and then it was that they were allowed to approach their mistresses with humility.

Her conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the marquis, who coming in at that instant, desired her to withdraw; a circumstance that gave her the utmost pleasure, because she began to think that she had treated her cousin in too condescending a manner. As Mr. Glanville was really enamoured of her, he could not help lamenting that a mind endowed with so many excellent qualities, should have been perverted by reading bad books, but still he was loth to communicate what he knew to her father.

For some weeks Glanville remained at the castle of the marquis without any apparent view of making the least impression on the mind of his beloved Arabella, who still continued to tell him that nothing less than the sincerest repentance, and the utmost efforts of his courage could ever entitle him to her pardon. Mr. Glanville told her that such notions were altogether inconsistent with what he had either read or seen, upon which she upbraided him with spending his time on useless studies; whilst he might have improved his mind to the greatest advantage, by the perusal of those books. Upon that he promised to become her pupil, and she was so much over-joyed to think that she should have it in her power to instruct one more for the honourable employment of a knight-errant, that she ordered her maid to bring the books and lay them down before him.

The appearance of so many formidable volumes, which would have required more time for the perusal than all the classic authors put together, was too shocking for Mr. Glanville to bear; and yet he was afraid to mention his intention to his cousin, whose notions he now began to consider as truly romantic. He begged that she would point out what particular passages she would have him to read, for it was not in his power to go over the whole. This she consented to do, but when she had pointed to them, he declared that he was not able to read so many pages, nor had he any inclination to do it, especially as the subject was all one and the same thing. He pretended, however, to read one passage, and told her it was extremely beautiful, but when she began to interrogate him concerning the particular parts of it, she found he had been only deceiving her, which awakened her resentment to such a degree, that she looked upon herself as only duped by him. Silence, rage, and every other disagreeable passion took place in her mind; she looked on herself as one whom her cousin had made an object of ridicule, and therefore ordered him that instant to depart from her chamber.

It was in vain to dispute, for Glanville seeing himself condemned a second time was not allowed to make any reply. It is true he attempted to speak to her in order to vindicate himself, but no sooner had she heard him utter the first sentence than she burst into a flood of tears, and told him he was more perfidious than any knight she had ever read of. She cursed her
cruel

cruel destiny, which had exposed her to the contempt of such a man, who had not one spark of honour remaining in him. His presence she said was a torment to her, for he was lost to all sense of virtue who could not imbibe the divine and enlivening sentiments contained in her favourite books. Glanville was obliged to retire, which he did, but not till in his own mind he had bestowed a thousand curses on those vile romances, that are compiled for no other purpose than to make ignorant girls believe in witchcraft, and that in consequence of something called magic, the order of nature itself could be set aside. He wished that some persons of good sense and real prudence had been made choice of to superintend her education; for although the marquis, her father, had taught her all that was useful, yet he sincerely believed that he had never seen those pernicious books by which her mind had been led off from the real investigation of truth.

Mr. Glanville, who began to give up all thoughts of ever obtaining his cousin, took a solitary walk in the garden, where he was soon after joined by the marquis, and to whom he related the whole of the conversation that had passed between him and his cousin; adding, that he was again banished from her presence. The marquis smiled, and told him that he would make all things agreeable to him, upon which he went to his daughter's apartments and found her drowned in tears. He asked her the reason of being so much afflicted, and when she told him that the knight, Glanville, had acted inconsistent with what was written in her books,

he answered that her brain was turned, and declared that the books should be immediately destroyed.

Poor Arabella trembled for the fate of those heroes and heroines who had made such a distinguishing figure on the theatre of this world, but as good luck attended all their adventures, so the same was their fate after death.

Just as the marquis had caused a large fire to be lighted up for consuming the books, Mr. Glanville came in, and seeing the danger that so many heroes were in he begged their lives in the most passionate manner. The marquis at last, though much contrary to his own inclination, granted his request, upon which taking up the books he carried them into the chamber of Arabella, who received them with the same devotion as a papist does the jaw bone of an ass, when he is told that it is the shoulder bone of St. Peter.

Arabella was overjoyed at the sight of her books, which she considered as far superior to East India diamonds, or all the gold in South America. She shed a flood of tears, but at last beginning to expect that her cousin might take notice of her weakness, she made a sign for him to withdraw.

He was obliged to comply, and for some time Arabella in consequence of his unexpected behaviour began to treat him with more respect than usual. This good news he computed to the marquis, who although he hated the notions that his daughter had imbibed, yet he loved her most tenderly. He told Mr. Glanville that there was no doubt but in time she would be brought

brought off from such romantic notions, and the young man who wished for nothing more, vowed to be all obedience both to her and her father.

Soon after this the marquis was again taken ill, and his disorder encreased so fast that the physician who attended him declared there was no hopes of his recovery. Arabella, who with all her romantic notions had never forgot to give her duty to the best of parents, was drowned in tears when she heard that her father was in a dying condition. She attended him with the care of a nurse; she could not be prevailed upon to go from his lodgings to take one hours rest, and when the moment of his dissolution arrived, she held him in her arms till he had paid that debt of nature which every man owes. The spirit being departed, and there being no more remaining but the lifeless clay, the young lady unable to bear the loss of so worthy a parent, fell on the bed and seemed to be following him to the silent grave, from whence no traveller ever returned.

Mr. Glanville who was sitting on the other side of the bed, no sooner saw the condition in which his cousin was thrown, than he flew to her assistance and lifted up her lovely head, but so far as he could discover the lamp of life was extinguished, and she seemed to have taken up her abode among the dead. Once, indeed, she opened her eyes, but then shut them again, as if she had been taking leave of all sublunary things. Her servants conveyed her to bed, and all the care of her fathers funeral devolved upon Mr. Glanville. He sent an express immediately

to his father, who was appointed by the will of the marquis guardian to Arabella.

The father of Mr. Glanville arrived time enough to be witness of the last solemnity, which was conducted with the utmost magnificence; but poor Arabella still kept her bed. The loss of an indulgent parent had so much preyed upon her spirits that she was reduced to little better than a mere skeleton; and yet for all that, her cousin, Mr. Glanville did not neglect to treat her with tenderness and humanity. The uncle, Sir Charles Glanville, went to visit his niece as soon as the funeral was over and found her extremely ill, but in a few days by the strength of her constitution she recovered, and having put on the deepest mourning her graces shone with a double lustre.

Her uncle and cousin both said all they could to comfort her, upon which she repeated so many passages out of her romances that her uncle concluded she was mad, and cursed those more than abominable authors, who by the fertility of their imaginations had debased the glory of history. He told his niece that the books she had mentioned were a disgrace to the name of literature, that no persons of common sense would pay any further regard to them, than to treat them with the most sovereign contempt, and concluded, by begging that she would never look at one of them for the future.

This she refused to comply with, telling him that notwithstanding the duty she was under to him, in consequence of the relation he stood in to her, yet she could not help blaming the vitiated nature of his taste, which could thus induce him
to

to ridicule the best books that ever were written in the world. Sir Charles knew not what answer to make, and taking his son aside, told him that his neice might be as accomplished as he imagined, but he was sure she was a fool. This was what Mr. Glanville could not agree to, for he told his father, that though his cousin might have had a wrong bias on her temper, in consequence of reading those pernicious books, yet he was sure she was an ornament to her sex, and he doubted not but she would in time be brought back to the sober dictates of reason. He added, that there was nothing to be done, but to bear with her foible with patience, and by introducing her into company bring her off from those notions, that she had contracted from books, in consequence of being brought up in the country, where she had no opportunity of procuring better information, which alone was necessary, in order to discover her true character.

In order to divert her melancholy, her uncle proposed taking her to London, but this she absolutely refused to comply with, till the year of her mourning was expired, so dear to her was the memory of her deceased father. Her uncle was daily more and more charmed with her conversation; for, abstracted from her attachment to her wild romances, nothing could be more engaging than every word that dropped from her mouth.

When her father's will was opened, she seemed to be extremely pleased with every thing in it; especially that part where the marquis bequeathed a part of his estate to Mr. Glanville, on condition that his daughter should not accept him for a husband. She then proceeded to pay all the legacies

gacies left by her father, and having given genteel presents to such of the servants as she had no longer occasion for, she discharged them with good recommendations to other places. Sir Charles and his son having some business to transact, set out for London, the latter promising to return as soon as possible, and to bring his sister along with him.

In the mean time, Arabella, who had been so long familiarized to the company of her father, had nothing but her books to divert her melancholly, and therefore she set about reading them with more eagerness than before. She longed to have a companion of her own rank and sex, with whom she might spend a few agreeable hours, for still the time hung heavy on her hands, notwithstanding her incessant application to books. Her maid was of no other service than a menial attendant; but one Sunday, as she was going into the church, she saw a young lady with a most engaging air, sit down in one of the pews, attended only by one maid servant. Arabella thought she could discover something so noble and engaging in the stranger, that she longed to be acquainted with her. Accordingly, when the service was over, she met her at the door, and learning that her house was not far distant, she begged leave of her and her maid to accept of a place in her coach.

The stranger, after some ceremony, complied, and during the time they were on the road, our heroine spoke in so elevated a manner, that the other, who had never seen any thing beyond the circle of a gaming table, knew not what answer to make her. Arabella persuaded her to go home

home with her to the castle, and then prevailed upon her to spend a few days with her to divert her melancholy, all which she agreed to, after having sent a servant to inform her friends, why she did not return at the usual time from church.

The stranger behaved with great reserve, which served only to stimulate the curiosity of Arabella the more, who imputed her silence to some adventure she had had with a knight. She told the lady, that she longed with impatience to hear her story, and hoped she would favour her with a circumstance that would give her the utmost pleasure; but as it is the custom in all romances for the woman to tell her lady's story, so the stranger called in her maid, or waiting woman, Mrs. Morris, to perform that task. Mrs. Morris was then busy, but promised to come as soon as possible, which she did, and then delivered her story to the following import:

“ Miss Groves (said Mrs. Morris) is the daughter of a merchant, who at his death left his wife such a large fortune, that a noble duke made his addressee to her, and actually obtained her in marriage. At that time Miss Groves was not above twelve years of age, and the nuptial ceremonies being over, he took her along with her mother to his country seat, where the young lady was treated with the utmost respect by his own daughters, who were above her in age.

“ The young lady had so much pride and so little understanding, that she soon made herself odious to the duke's daughters, who could not bear that one of so obscure a birth should be considered in the same light with themselves. Most of her time was spent in riding along with two or
three

three servants, and jumping over hedges in the same manner as if she had been a professed fox-hunter. This conduct of her's gave rise to some suspicions not at all to her advantage, so that the duchess was under the necessity of keeping her more at home.

“ The person who had been made choice of to teach her writing, was a brisk young man, and Miss Groves, who saw every appearance of preserving a more noble lover, began to make advances to him; but this gave the utmost displeasure to the duchess.” Here she was interrupted by Arabella, who told her that the person whom she called a writing master, must have been no other than some knight in disguise, who came to view the charms of her fair mistress. Mrs. Morris, who did not understand one word of what she said, only answered, that she was sure he was no more than a writing master, and that he followed the profession still, without paying any regard to the frowns of the duchess, after which she continued her story.

“ Miss Groves resolving not to be any longer under restraint, went off with her waiting woman, who attended her at that time, and took lodgings at the girl's father's, who had been in business, but had failed in consequence of his extravagance. She then gave herself up to all sorts of extremes, and frequented the gaming tables every night. Sums of money, to a considerable amount, were squandered away by her every night, and nothing less would serve her but to make her appearance in the polite circle at court. It was, however, difficult for her to procure a husband, for the men in general, were afraid of her unbounded extravagance.

vagance. At last, the brother of a noble earl made his addresses to her, and in a short time, instead of being married, she was ruined. Being with child, she retired to lay in at an obscure village, a few miles from London, where she was delivered of a dead infant, and in three weeks had the good fortune to recover so fast, that she was able to return to town with as handsome an appearance as ever.

“ During the whole of this time, her mother made no enquiry concerning her, nor had she one friend to give her the least hint of the impropriety of her conduct. The people where she lodged, and who were no strangers to her story, were so base, that they whispered about her misfortune, so that she was blamed by some, and despised by others. Nay, even her base betrayer went so far as to publish her shame, and seemed to take pleasure in relating that he had ruined a poor thoughtless girl. He denied, that he had ever promised her marriage, for (said he) she was so easy a conquest, that there was no necessity for it. This business, however, did not in the least alienate her affections from him, for she never heard his name mentioned, but she was sure to take his part, especially when any one accused him.

“ Her first misfortune was followed by a second, for she became with child a second time to her first betrayer. Perplexed, and not knowing what to do, she applied to her uncle, a rich merchant, who paid off all her debts, and commenced a law suit against the duchess, her mother, in order to recover some lands which the duchess claimed as her own. At last, being reduced to live on less than one hundred pounds a year, she came to
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this part of the country, where she lay in of a second child, which her betrayer hath taken away from her, nor does she know what is become of it. She turned away her former woman, and then made choice of me, and as she has still a considerable fortune in reversion, Mr. Burnet, a young farmer, has married her, but their nuptials is still kept a secret, lest her uncle should not approve of the match. Her husband is gone to London to acquaint him with it, and it is hoped he will receive a favourable answer."

Lady Arabella, who applied every thing she saw or heard to what she had read in her romances, shed tears in abundance at the recital of Miss Groves's misfortunes, and compared her to Cleopatra, who had been so very unfortunate as to marry Julius Cæsar privately. While she was speaking, Miss Groves came in, and no sooner had she heard that her maid had revealed her secrets, than she was filled with rage, shame and confusion. She asked Arabella what right she had to corrupt her servant to betray her, by revealing her secrets, to which our heroine answered, that her confidant had done no more than was consistent with her character, for many celebrated ladies had been as unfortunate as herself, in trusting to the promises of false knights.

Miss Groves, could not conceal her resentment, but flung out of the room in the most haughty manner, telling Arabella that she attributed her ill breeding to her vulgar country education, and that for the future she would despise her. Arabella said all she could to prevail on her to accept of her coach home, lest any of her false lovers should assault her; but this only enraged her the more,

more, and therefore without taking leave, she walked off, accompanied by Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Morris soon found means to reconcile herself to her mistress, by telling her that Arabella had been acquainted with her story before, and that all that she had said to her, was only to vindicate her conduct.

Miss Groves was scarce gone, when Arabella received a letter from her uncle, informing her that his daughter was coming to spend a few weeks with her, and next day the young lady arrived at the castle. Arabella received her cousin with every mark of respect, and told her that she was one of the most handsome young ladies she had ever seen. She compared her to one of those heroines, of which she had read in her romances, all which Miss Glanville took as a compliment, although she did not understand one word she said.

Mr. Glanville, who had accompanied his sister, became more enamoured of Arabella than ever, and in order to make the time as agreeable as possible, proposed going with her to the races. This she would have declined, on account of her mourning, but Miss Glanville was so eager to be present at that assembly, that she prevailed on her cousin to accompany her. As Arabella had never seen a race in the whole course of her life, nor read of any but in her romances, so she now imagined that she was going to be present either at the Olympic games, or some famous tournament, where a renowned knight would display his courage in behalf of his fair mistress, by beating all his antagonists, and bearing off the prize with honour
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and triumph, to the utmost satisfaction of all present.

Arabella then delivered a long discourse concerning the Olympic games, of which Miss Glanville did not understand one word, and Mr. Glanville being afraid that his sister would make some absurd answer, turned the conversation upon the Grecian history, with which he was well acquainted. When the day arrived, on which the races were to be held, Miss Glanville spent four hours in dressing, not doubting but she would thereby be enabled to eclipse her cousin, who was still in mourning, and paid no regard to any thing more than was consistent with decency and decorum. They arrived at the place just time enough to see the first course, and it was next to impossible to persuade Lady Arabella that the jockies were not great princes who came there to signalize themselves in defence of the honour of their mistresses. While they were there, a young baronet came up, whom Miss Glanville saluted with the epithet of Sir George, telling him that she was glad he came, for relations were the dullest things in the world. Arabella asked Sir George, what was the name of the jockey, or as she called him, the knight that had won the games, to which the baronet answered that he did not know, but he was a fellow who belonged to Lord Bassett. This answer vexed our heroine a good deal; she could not bear to hear heroes who ran at the Olympic games treated in such a manner, but Sir George made no other reply but that he was eager to accompany Miss Glanville to the castle. Sir George, though an adept in all the arts of female gallantry, and although much admired for his

his politeness in high life, yet could not resist the impression that the charms of Arabella made on his heart. Her dress, notwithstanding its plainness, only contributed to make her the more lovely, and her cousin was so much eclipsed, that she seemed to be totally forgotten.

Upon their return home, Miss Glanville told Arabella that she was happy in having so many admirers, to which the other answered, that she doubted not but Miss Glanville had been engaged in many adventures. Miss Glanville, who did not understand her meaning, was sensibly piqued, and told her cousin that ladies bred in towns thought it beneath their dignity to be concerned in adventures. Miss Glanville began to imagine that her cousin was treating her with ridicule, upon which she burst into tears, and at that instant the brother came into the room. He was no stranger to the reason, because he knew that there was no possibility of his sister's keeping up the argument with Arabella, for what the latter in consequence of her perverted notions, spoke in sincerity, the other considered as an affront. Arabella said all she could to appease her cousin, though without effect, for Miss Glanville could not be persuaded to believe it was possible for one woman to speak well of another; so great is the depravity of a female education in general, when people are obliged to traduce each other at the expence of the truth.

Sir George, who could not enjoy so much of Arabella's company as he wished for, was obliged to put up with Miss Glanville's, but his conversation with her was so dull and languid, that she could not help taking notice of it, and rallied

rallied him upon it. Indeed, Miss Glanville was one of those young ladies, who being brought up in all manner of dissipation, never seems to know any thing of real importance, and never knows the happiness of one hour's reflection: who go from one place of diversion to another, as if the time hung heavy on their hands, and who seek for happiness in objects that can never procure it. She had been brought from the boarding-school to her father's, where she read some silly romances, and as she had never been in company with any but such as herself, so she had learned nothing.

It was not long before Arabella met with another adventure that gave her more uneasiness than any of her former ones. One evening as she was looking through her window into the garden, she saw Edward the gardener, who had been flogged for stealing the carp, in the most close conversation with the house-steward, and as she still believed that he was a prince, who had come there in disguise, so she doubted not but they were planing a scheme to carry her away. She communicated her suspicions to her waiting maid, who went immediately and barricaded the door, but no sooner had she finished her laborious task, when the steward knocked, desiring to speak with his lady, Lucy demanded to know his business, and being told that he came to intercede for young Edward the gardener, the lady immediately concluded that it was a scheme contrived between them to take her away to some enchanted castle.

In vain did the steward protest his innocence, for the lady called him a perjured traitor, who
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had joined with Edward the prince, in disguise, to ruin her, and therefore, consulting her waiting-maid, it was agreed, that they should both go out at a back-door, and to retire to the house of the girl's brother, till such time as Mr. Glanville arrived, who was only gone a little way along with Sir George. The farmer's house was not above five miles distant, but Arabella had been so little used to walking a foot, that she fainted away before she could reach the place. Her maid said all she could to comfort her, but finding every thing ineffectual, she left her and went to her brother's, whom she met just coming out of his own house.

She immediately told him where she had left her lady, and they both walked on together to the spot, but how great was their surprize when they found that she was gone, nor did they know where to go in search of her. At last they resolved to return to the castle where they met Mr. Glanville, and the waiting-maid told him that her lady had made her escape in order to take shelter in her brother's house, because the prince who worked in the garden, under the name of Edward, had come there with a design of taking her away.

Mr. Glanville soon saw that this was one of his cousin's whims, and therefore asked the girl where she had left her. Being answered in the fields, he told her that it was her business to have attended her lady, and not leave her exposed in that manner, but at the same time charged her not to say one word about it.

The case was this, no sooner was Lucy, the waiting-maid gone, than Arabella, having recovered,

covered, travelled towards the road, being every moment in fear that Edward would find her, but at last a chaise came up, in which was a young gentleman, who took her in, and told her, he would conduct her to a place of safety. She thanked the gentleman in the most cordial terms, and told him he was one of the most generous knights that ever she had read of, who could thus expose his life to rescue the chastity of a lady. She told him that she was pursued by a great person who had come in disguise to take her away, and would have effected his purpose, had it not been for his generous assistance. The gentleman, who could not make sense of one word she said, could not help admiring her many charms, and he began to conclude that she was no ordinary person. He thought there must be some mystery in her case, and as she declared herself fatigued, he suffered her to go to rest till next morning, not doubting but he would then be able to learn the whole affair, for he could not imagine why so much in innocence could be urged in an intrigue.

When it was known to the servants that Arabella was gone, every one were eager to distinguish themselves who should be most forward in recovering their beloved mistress, and none more so than Edward, the supposed prince, on whose account all this happened. They all set out different ways, but chance directed Edward to the place where the lady was. No sooner did she see him there than she called out to the gentleman who had protected her, that that base man was her persecutor, who had now discovered her retreat, and would undoubtedly take

take her away to one of his castles, where she would be confined in chains.

The gentleman, who saw a man in livery, did not know what to make of all this, and in the mean time Edward coming up, blessed God that her ladyship was found. Arabella, in answer, told him, he was a most impious man, who had thrust himself into her service under the character of a gardener, although it was evident, through the whole of his behaviour, that he was a prince in disguise, who had come to take her away by force. She concluded by telling him that he would pay dearly for his presumption, for she had still a knight in her service who would revenge her cause. The poor fellow did not understand one word she said, and the protector of Arabella going up to him, asked him what he had to say in his own defence, and what business he had to follow the lady?

Before Edward had time to make any answer Mr. Glanville came up, and entered into close conversation with the gardener concerning the manner in which he had found his lady, and notwithstanding what he knew of her ridiculous notions, yet he began to imagine that there was something mysterious in the case, which he could not then unravel. Arabella, who saw them so long in close conversation together, began to imagine that her cousin was an accomplice of Edward's, whom she still considered as a prince, and therefore could not help shedding tears.

Mr. Glanville alighting from his horse, and giving him to Edward, walked up to the lady, and desired to know by what accident she had been brought from the castle?

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This question put her out of all manner of patience, she told her cousin that he was privy to the scheme of taking her away, which put Mr. Glanville so much to the blush, that he cursed his fate for being in love with a woman, who in all respects was so truly ridiculous. He told her, than no person intended her any injury, and begged that she would return to the castle along with him. Nothing, however, could prevail, and Edward being called up, the lady asked him how he came in such a manner to steal her away in disguise. The poor fellow declared that he had never stolen any thing but the carp, and he hoped her ladyship would excuse him for it, as he was determined never to be guilty of the like offence for the future.

The stealing of the carp mortified her in the most sensible manner, and Mr. Glanville, who could scarce refrain from laughing, began to be ashamed of the ludicrous behaviour of his cousin. The story of stealing the carp made the young gentleman who had taken her under his protection, laugh very heartily, which mortified Arabella so much, that she wished to be gone. The gentleman really thought she was disordered in her senses, which piqued her so much, that she asked him if ever he had read of the fair Cleopatra who had been ravished by Julius Cæsar under pretence of marriage? “ Yes, madam, (said he) I have read of her, she was a whore, there was no necessity to ravish her, for she even offered to prostitute herself to some who would not have any connection with her. As for some of the other ladies whom you have mentioned I will venture to affirm that they

they never existed any where but in the brains of romance writers."

So saying the gentleman burst into a loud laugh, and Mr. Glanville being impatient lest his cousin should launch out into any more extravagancies, persuaded her to accompany him home, to which she consented upon condition that Edward the supposed prince should be turned away.

Upon her arrival at the castle, Miss Glanville, who had spent about two hours that morning in dressing, came down to congratulate her upon her deliverance, declaring at the same time that she would have died had she not been found. She asked a thousand questions concerning her misfortune, but in answer Arabella told her, that she had been engaged in so many adventures, that the whole would not be known till after her death, not doubting but some generous poet would commit the whole to writing, for she was not able to go through with the writing of it herself. Miss Glanville laughed heartily at such ridiculous nonsense, and for that day left her cousin to enjoy some rest, nor did she make her appearance till next morning.

In the morning she dressed herself in her common decent manner, and then sent for her two cousins to wait upon her. They both came according to her desire, and she expected that Mr. Glanville would have fallen on his knees, in order to implore her pardon, but instead of doing so he took a seat and set down carelessly beside her. This was a most mortifying stroke to a young lady, whose notions had been wholly formed upon romance, and therefore she up-
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braided him with having a design of stealing her away in concert with the prince, who had assumed the name of Edward. Mr. Glanville told her that nothing in the world could be more unreasonable than such a supposition, because if he had any intention of taking her away, either by force or fraud, it would have been for himself and not for another.

The lady was stung to the quick, but recovering from a state of seeming insensibility, she told him that he might banish himself at least ten years from her presence, and perform a vast number of exploits in the way of knight-errantry, after which, she might, perhaps, be induced to suffer him to approach so near as to kiss her hand. She then repeated a great many passages out of her romances, particularly the mutilated story of the celebrated Cleopatra, so that Mr. Glanville lost all sorts of patience, and told her, that he wished the romance of that vile gypsey had been for ever consigned to oblivion: upon that he left her chamber, beginning to despair of ever bringing her to reason, and cursing a thousand times those books, as well as other authors, who had in so extravagant a manner mist the notions of a young lady, who in every other respect was an honour to her sex. It was in vain to dispute with her, for the eyes of her reason were blinded, and there was no probability of bringing her back to the exercise of her mental powers, but by introducing her into such company as would make her ashamed of such absurd notions. He was afraid he could not help loving her, which he looked upon as the greatest misfortune he sustained ;
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for what gentleman would chuse to have a wife, whose conduct in every respect would make him truly ridiculous. He knew she would not fail to censure him by ascribing his marriage to motives of interest, and as his soul was enlarged above such things, he longed for nothing more than to see the beloved object of his affections divested of all her false notions, and brought back to the exercise of sober reason. This, however, was what he could only wish for he had no reason to imagine it would ever take place, so that for some time he gave himself up to melancholy.

Arabella, whose heart was all sensibility, began to imagine that Mr. Glanville was going to lay violent hands on himself, in consequence of his having been forbid her presence, and therefore, going to his sister asked her which way her brother was gone, or whether he was still alive? Miss Glanville, who had been all this time in company with Sir George, did not know what answer to make, and therefore enquired in the most earnest manner which way her brother was gone, and why he had left the castle. Arabella told her that it was inconsistent with her dignity to enquire which way he was gone, but as she had banished him for ten years out of her presence, so she doubted not but he would lay violent hands on himself. Miss Glanville was not a little surprized; she began to look upon her cousin as really mad, and being very much concerned for the fate of her brother, she went to his chamber, where she found him, and recounted all that had passed between her and Arabella.

Mr. Glanville, who was much vexed to think that Sir George should hear these extravagant notions from his cousin, hastened to the room, where he met her, but insisted on her congratulating him on his being still in a state of safety. She told him she expected, in consequence of the sentence she had passed upon him, that he would now have been a good many miles from the castle. Mr. Glanville whispered to her, that it would be much better to defer any conversation on the subject till another time; his whole design being not to expose her to Sir George, who was then present. But all in vain; she called out that her honour had been wounded, and that she would never forgive the perfidious knight who did not in the most implicit manner obey her orders.

Sir George not knowing the nature of the dispute, but seeing them both displeased with each other, resolved to become a mediator, but finding that impossible, he took up his hat and was going out of the room.

Arabella called to him to stay, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him, and he having complied with her request, she said that if he had the least regard for the honour of knighthood, he would not suffer her to be treated in the manner she then was. Sir George, who began to imagine, and not without reason, that the lady's brain was turned, told her that he would do any thing to espouse her cause, so far as it was consistent with his honour, but as her cousin was one of his intimate friends, he could not make him
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his enemy till he had first given him some cause to be offended with his conduct.

Mr. Glanville, who could contain himself no longer, told his cousin that she had treated him in the most cruel manner, for although he had made no other proposals to her than were consistent with the rules of decorum, yet she had banished him from her presence as one who had intended to injure her honour. In a word, he looked upon himself as one of the most wretched of all human beings, and wished himself in some other part of the globe, where he might forget the beloved object that had created him so much uneasiness. Arabella no sooner heard these words than she went out of the room in seeming confusion, not being able to make any answer, and Sir George, who still seemed to think that she was disordered in her intellects, considered the whole as a disease that if properly managed by experienced agents might, in the end, turn out to his advantage above what might have been actually expected.

Arabella, as soon as she had left them, retired to her own apartments, where she found her maid Lucy, and after some conversation with her, told her that she must next morning relate her history to her cousins, and the stranger who was along with them. The poor girl exclaimed, that she did not know how to relate a history, nor even a story after she heard it told. This vexed our heroine so much, that she told Lucy, if she could not relate her history, she was not fit to be her attendant, and in an angry tone concluded, by telling her, that she must find one who could do it.

This was an unexpected stroke to poor Lucy, who was afraid of losing her place, and therefore in great humility, she told her lady that if she would instruct her, she would endeavour to do it as well as she could.

Arabella, who knew there was not such a precedent in all her books, hesitated sometime, whether she should deviate from their authority, but at last recollecting that one way or other her history must be told, she resolved to deviate so far from the common rule.

She then told Lucy, that she must begin with her illustrious descent, and describe minutely the perfections both of her body and mind ; she must likewise take particular notice of all her lovers, particularly prince Edward the gardener, but she was not, on any account whatever, to mention the odious affair of stealing the carp. Poor Lucy was terribly frightened, and did not know what to say, but she was relieved by the arrival of Miss Glanville, who came to let her know that Sir George had taken her brother home with him to dinner. This put Arabella out of all patience, and she could not help calling them both unworthy knights, who would not stay to hear her story ; but as Miss Glanville did not know what she meant, she made no answer, and the rest of the day was spent in the most agreeable manner.

In the evening, Mr. Glanville came home somewhat elevated with liquor, and seeing his cousin sitting beside his sister, he fell on his knees before her, and attempted to kiss her hand. This incensed her more than ever, and snatching her hand from him, said, that he had again committed a new crime, and that he must do penance in
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imitation of Orontes. “ I wished he had hanged himself, (said Mr. Glanville)” seeing his cousin again on her romances. He then begged to know what he must do, upon which she answered, that he must vindicate himself, by pursuing Edward, the false prince, whom he had entered into a treaty with, to carry her away. Mr. Glanville, who was elevated by liquor, and mad with vexation, told her if that would please her, he would go and bring her the rascal’s head.

Miss Glanville told Arabella, that she was much obliged to her cousin for putting her brother in a way to come to the gallows, and added that if her heroes, of whom she had been speaking, lived by taking away the lives of their fellow creatures, she hoped they did not in the end die without the just reward of such horrid and atrocious crimes.

Arabella interrupted her cousin, by telling her that she was surprised that she had not more attended to history, since it was well known the law had no power over heroes, and that she was now, by what she had said, going to damp that noble flame of courage which she had kindled in her brother.

Miss Glanville answered, that whatever might be the laws in those countries where her heroes lived, yet in England she was sure that if her brother committed murder, he would be hanged without any regard to his being either a hero or a porter. Mr. Glanville laughed heartily at the dispute between the two ladies, and telling his cousin he would try to find Edward, dead or alive, both the ladies returned to their respective apartments.

While things remained on this footing at the castle, Sir George, who had read as many romances as Arabella, began to form a design for making love to her in her own way. For this purpose, he went to visit Mr. Glanville, but found him extremely ill, so that he was obliged to content himself with sending his name up to the ladies, and then returned home.

Mr. Glanville's illness increased so fast, that at the end of five days he was in a violent fever, and Arabella, who had kept to her form, in not visiting him, began to be afraid he would die. His sister was so much shocked at her cousin's indifference, that she told her, she wished that neither herself nor her brother had ever come to the castle, and at that instant, not being able to contain her indignation any longer, flounced out of the room, and went to her brother's chamber.

She was followed by Arabella, who for the first time going into his chamber, told him, if he pleased he might live, for such were her commands, and she expected to be obeyed. Miss Glanville was shocked at her ridiculous behaviour, and finding her brother's life in danger, dispatched a messenger to town to her father.

Sir Charles came to the castle as soon as he heard of his son's illness, and soon after his arrival, the fever took such a favourable turn, that he recovered every day. This was agreeable news to Sir Charles, and Arabella, who believed that he had recovered, in consequence of her command for that purpose, often condescended to walk with him in the gardens.

Sir George, who had sent to the castle every day, to hear whether Mr. Glanville was better, embraced

embraced the opportunity of his recovery, in suiting himself to the taste of Arabella, and that lady began to look on him as a real knight errant. He talked to her in the language of her favourite books, which so much surprised Sir Charles and Miss Glanville, that they could not help looking upon him with particular marks of contempt. This, however, did not in the least discompose him; for thinking he should be able to make some impresson on her vanity, he flattered her for every word that dropped from her mouth, and often told the company, that he wished he had been endowed with one half of her eloquence, which was so powerful, that it bore down all opposition. Mr. Glanville, though still weak, doubted not but Sir George was making himself merry at the expence of his infatuated cousin, and his mind being filled with revenge, he wished that he had it in his power to give him a proper chastisement for such daring presumption, which he knew could not be agreeable to any one present.

Mr. Glanville being now perfectly recovered, Sir Charles proposed that he and his cousin should take the diversion of hunting, and Sir George with some other gentlemen, agreed to be of the party. Accordingly, having mounted their horses, the chace was continued for a considerable time, till Arabella, who kept as near as possible to Mr. Glanville, told him, she was fatigued, and desired to alight. At that instant, Mr. Glanville helped her off her horse, and for some time they conversed together very agreeably, Mr. Glanville taking care to observe the strictest decorum, both in his words and actions. After some time spent in this manner, Arabella seeing a man coming

up, screamed out, and went to untye her horse, telling her cousin that that was the person who some months ago had attempted to ravish her. Mr. Glanville begged that she would not make herself uneasy, but all to no purpose, for mounting her horse she rode off, commanding him not to follow her.

Vexed, and cursing the books that had turned her head, the stranger approached and asked him, whether that lady, who had just rode off, was not a complication of all the ridiculous follies that ever could exist at once in one person.

Mr. Glanville, who could not bear that any one should speak in so contemptuous a manner, gave the stranger, Mr. Harvy, a severe box on the ear with the but end of his whip, which stunned him so, that it was above a minute before he had power to draw his sword. A battle ensued, which Arabella being near enough to see, thought to have rode up to the combatants to save her cousin's life, but some hay-makers coming by at the same time, she thought they were all accomplices of her intended ravisher, and therefore she rode after the chace, where she overtook Sir George, and fainted away in his arms. Sir George placed her on the ground, and having procured a little water, brought her to herself, while Sir Charles coming up, and not finding his son, asked her eagerly, what was become of him? " Ah, Sir, (said Arabella) your son is happily engaged in shedding the last drop of his blood with a false knight. It may be happy for you, madam, (said Sir Charles) but if my son is killed, I shall think myself extremely unhappy."

Sir

Sir Charles, who doubted not but his son was brought into some scrape by Arabella's ridiculous conduct, asked which way he was gone, and being directed to the place, galloped off as fast as possible, being followed by Arabella and the rest of the company. It was not long before they came to the place, but still they found no marks of bloodshed, only two or three hay-makers were talking together, and Arabella telling Sir Charles that those were some of the accomplices whom Mr. Glanville had not killed, he flew into a violent passion, and asked her what could induce his son to kill hay-makers. To this she answered, that they were not hay-makers, though they had come there in disguise, but Sir Charles paying no regard to her nonsense, went up to the men, and asked them which way those two gentlemen were gone. To this the hay-makers answered, that it was true the gentlemen had quarrelled, though they knew not what about, but they had prevented them from injuring each other, and that after they parted, one of them mounted his horse and rode off, but the other they believed, as he was on foot, could not be a great way off, for they had seen him within these few minutes.

Sir Charles being happy in hearing that his son was safe, returned to the castle, where as soon as they arrived, Arabella made herself truly ridiculous, by comparing the adventure of the day to some of those she had read of in her romances. In the mean time Mr. Glanville arrived, and being vexed to think that his cousin had said so many things to expose herself retired to his chamber, without speaking one word to any

of the company. It seems that during the chase, Sir George, who thought his schemes were deep laid, had used some innocent freedoms with Arabella, which she had construed into crimes, and Sir Charles being apprehensive that consistent with her romantic notions, a duel might ensue, went to her apartment, and begged that she would not, by any means whatever, endanger the life of his son. She promised that she would not, upon which he assured her that Sir George should beg her pardon for what he had done. Next day Sir Charles under pretence that he was going to take a ride out before dinner, called on Sir George, who being at home, received him with the utmost politeness.

After the mutual compliments were over, and they had both taken their seats in the parlour, Sir Charles began to question Sir George about some freedoms that he had used with Arabella, and desired to know what he had to say in vindication of himself. Sir George said he had only rallied her a little on her pretended fright, which so satisfied Sir Charles that he returned home, desiring Sir George to honour him as often as convenient with his company at the castle.

Upon his return home, his son was eager to know what had passed between them, but Sir Charles, who was vexed at the conduct of his niece, refused to give him any satisfactory answer. This served only to inflame Mr. Glanville's passions, who doubted not but some indignity had been offered to his charmer, and therefore

fore he resolved to know the truth from her own mouth.

In order to satisfy his curiosity in a point that seemed so much connected with his honour, he followed her one morning up to the door of her chamber, but she having denied him admittance he was obliged to retire not a little mortified with the disappointment.

He was scarce gone when Lucy came to inform her that she had received a letter from Sir George, at which Arabella was extremely angry, asking her how she could presume to take any letters from a knight without her permission. The poor girl knew not what to say, but her lady taking the letter out of her hand broke it open, and found it written in the true stile of romance.

Sir George who had signed himself Bellamont; told her that he must die unless she would be graciously pleased to command him to live. As this produced a curious dialogue between her and her waiting maid, Lucy said that she might as well command him to live as she had Mr. Hervy and Mr. Glanville; but Arabella told her that was inconsistent with decorum, for if she allowed him to live she must also suffer him to love; a favour inconsistent with her delicacy to grant. However, she was at last persuaded by Lucy, to whom she promised that next morning she would send her to him with a reprieve, only upon some certain conditions.

Mr. Glanville, who was all impatience to have the match concluded before he returned to town, told his father who gave him all the encouragement he could, but still declared that he would
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lay no force or restraint upon the inclinations of his niece, whose distempered imagination seemed to render her an object of pity rather than contempt. In the morning Sir Charles had some thoughts of communicating his intentions to his niece, but when he sent for her to attend him she was engaged in a business which she looked upon as of the utmost importance.

The letter that Lucy had brought from Sir George Bellamont had made such an impression on her mind that she resolved to give the knight a proof of her heroism. In this design she was encouraged by her maid, who represented to her that it would be a most cruel thing to let the poor gentleman die while she had it in her power to save his life. At that instant Miss Glanville came into the room, and finding her cousin in a state of deep melancholy, told her that her father would be glad to speak with her.

Arabella in answer said that she was involved in so many troubles that she knew not where they would end, only that she was afraid they would prove fatal to her at last. As Miss Glanville could not form any notions of new troubles that she had been engaged in, she asked her seriously what she meant, upon which Arabella let her know, that unless she commanded Sir George to live he would certainly die.

Miss Glanville, who thought Sir George had been wholly her own, was struck with this piece of intelligence, and asked her cousin whether he was sick. "Yes, said she, and I must now go and command him to live; an circumstance that nothing but charity could induce me to." She then proceeded to quote a great many passages

fages out of her favourite romances, but before she had concluded, Mr. Glanville sent in his name, desiring to be admitted to speak with his cousin. Arabella told him that he was come in proper time to give his opinion on a dispute that his sister and she had been engaged in, namely, whether it was not less cruel to visit a sick gentleman and command him to live, than to suffer him to kiss her hand. Mr. Glanville said there could be no comparison, for charity and compassion for our fellow creatures in distress ought to be strongly marked on every part of our conduct.

Arabella was pleased to find that Mr. Glanville had declined in her favour, which vexed his sister so much that she said if she would persist in waiting on Sir George, she should have no objection, notwithstanding the manifest impropriety of such a step. The name of Sir George awakened all the jealousy and suspicion of Mr. Glanville; he knew his cousin was in some manner disordered in her intellects by reading her romances, and he was convinced at the same time, that Sir George was too artful not to take an opportunity of her weakness.

Arabella, feigning Mr. Glanville as it were a little discomposed, pulled Sir George's letter out of her bureau and gave it him to read, telling him at the same time that it was one of the most heroic epistles that had ever been written, for it was in the true stile of the great Cyrus. Mr. Glanville opened it eagerly, and when he had perused two or three lines he was obliged to feign a violent cough, otherwise he would have burst out into laughter, which might have offended his cousin.

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His sister, however, had not the same command over herself; for no sooner did she hear the encomiums on Arabella's beauty and merit, than she gave such way to laughter, that Arabella considered her as making herself merry at her expence.

She then told Mr. Glanville that as she was going to save the gentleman's life, so she doubted not but he would accompany her, but this he refused to comply with, telling her that it would look very strange for him to go and visit the person who in her affections was his rival. The truth is, Mr. Glanville could not bear the thoughts of seeing his cousin made an object of ridicule, for he knew that if she went to visit Sir George, that artful spark would not fail to recount her as one of the strangest creatures he had ever seen.

At last he prevailed so far on his cousin as to send him a letter rather than wait on him, which she did, and it was written in the true stile of a heroine of romance. This letter she was just about sending, when a servant came into the room and informed them that Sir George was come to wait upon them, from which circumstance it appeared that there was no great fear of his death.

As soon as Arabella saw him, she told him that she knew he came to put an end to his very existence in her presence, and began to dissuade him from such a purpose; telling him at the same time, that as she had shewed his letter to Mr. and Miss Glanville, they were of the same opinion with herself. Sir George was a good deal mortified to think that his letter had been
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shewn to any person but herself, and being at a loss what to say, resolved, if possible, to make a virtue of necessity, by turning the whole into ridicule without offending the lady.

He then told her in the most languishing manner, that he was come to receive her last commands; either to die at her feet, or be banished from her presence for ever. The last she made choice of, and commanding him to live, told him never to see her more, till by some act of repentance he should entitle himself to her favour.

This scene though ridiculous, yet made Mr. Glanville extremely merry. He saw that the artful Sir George was only making game of his cousin, and therefore desired him to take a turn with him in the garden. Sir George followed; and as soon as they were alone, Mr. Glanville asked him what he meant by all that fulsome stuff which he had uttered in the presence of Lady Arabella; telling him at the same time, that she was not a proper object for his mirth to display itself upon, nor one whose relations would suffer such liberties to be taken, without chastising the person who did so in the most signal manner.

Sir George answered him in the stile of romance, but Mr. Glanville determining not to be made the dupe of any person whatever, told him either to give over speaking in that manner, so as to insult his cousin, or else to meet him at a proper place and give him the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Sir George, who had no intention to fight, seeing Mr. Glanville in earnest, told him that
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he would endeavour to divest himself of heroics, and just when he had done speaking, Arabella and Miss Glanville appeared in the walk before them. Arabella, who was not in a humour to be engaged in company, struck into another walk, where she met her uncle Sir Charles, whom she would have avoided, but there was no possibility of doing it, as there was not a passage to get out at, unless they had returned back by the same way they came.

The baronet told her that he had some things to communicate to her of the utmost importance, and as they were consistent with the dying words of her father, he doubted not but she would attend to them. Arabella, who imagined that he was going to mention something concerning love, told him that she would not hear one word, because he had already acted to her in the most cruel manner. Sir Charles begged to be informed in what manner he had acted cruelly to her, but instead of giving him any answer, she flung herself from him, while he considered her as in a state of madness.

Just as she was gone, Mr. Glanville came up and asked his father what had induced his cousin to leave him in so abrupt a manner. Sir Charles told him that he need not make himself any way uneasy about her, for she was not worthy of his notice. He added, that she was a vain, proud, fantastic girl; who would never hearken to the voice of reason, but had actually the eyes of her understanding shut against its clearest dictates. He concluded by telling him that he must endeavour to wean his affections from her, and lamented that he had ever placed

so much affection upon her; he said that he was determined never to give himself any farther concern about her, except that of taking care of her estate 'till she came to years of maturity, according to the will of her deceased father.

Mr. Glanville, who was much troubled with those words of his father's, begged him not to be so harsh, nor proceed to any violent steps 'till he had seen his cousin, for he was of opinion that some misunderstanding had taken place between them without any evil intention on either side. At that instant he left his father and went to the house where he found Arabella, and began to make such apologies to her as he thought were necessary. She then told him that his father had been so cruel as to propose another lover to her, which distracted Mr. Glanville so much that he sent for Sir Charles, who entering her apartment asked her how she could accuse him of what he never thought of. She answered in such a manner, that for a while he knew not what reply to make, and being commanded to retire from her presence, he without the least hesitation obeyed.

By this time Sir George was returned from the garden to the house and had rejoined the company, and as Arabella still considered him as a knight errant she was willing to hear an account of his adventures. This made the whole company laugh, but as there was no disputing with a lady so learned, he told her that he was descended from the kings of Kent, and that a great variety of misfortunes had happened to his family since that kingdom fell to decay.

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He began by telling her that he had been brought up in the tenderest manner by an indulgent parent, who employed all sorts of master's to instruct him so as to appear on the stage of life as a true knight errant. That when he arrived at years of maturity, he began to wish for an opportunity of displaying his courage so as to gain to himself an immortal name. Having received the honour of knighthood, he left the altar where he had performed his vigils and sallied forth, not doubting but he should meet with some giant who would attempt taking him to his enchanted castle.

In this manner he continued till he met with a lady for whose honour he was determined to fight, and to mention all that he underwent in defence of her reputation would require more than a volume to contain. From one degree of suffering he was obliged to encounter with another, till being quite exhausted with tilts and tournaments he resolved to return to his own country.

Sir Charles and Mr. Glanville heard with indignation a narrative which they could consider in no other light than as calculated to ridicule the fair Arabella, but how agreeably were they surprized when they heard the young lady declare, that she looked on Sir George as one of the most despicable wretches that had ever disgraced romance. Sir Charles was so much pleased with what she said, that he declared he admired her good sense more than ever, while Mr. Glanville, who had heard Sir George with indignation because he thought that he ridiculed
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his cousin, began to have some hopes that she would in time be cured of her foible.

Sir George, who had not foreseen that he had overshot the mark, endeavoured to make an apology, but Arabella who began to despise him with the most sovereign contempt, told him she would not hear one word more from him, but rising from her seat retired to her chamber.

Before she took leave of the company she told Sir George that whatever might be his pretences to knight errantry, she was sure he was no better than a novice, and she begged that for the future he would make himself better acquainted with such important subjects before he pretended to talk of them. This severe rebuff he did not expect to meet with, and although he had looked on Arabella as little better than a fool, yet he found that she was endowed with good sense; though clouded by the perverted use of books that ought to have never been perused by the public, except in the barbarous ages.

Mr. Glanville was extremely pleased at the reception Sir George met with from Arabella, and could not help laughing at the unfortunate baronet, who with downcast looks expected nothing less. A long dialogue ensued concerning heroic writings in general, and Sir George was so much mortified that he resolved to be more circumspect for the future, in relating his adventures to one of so much penetration as Arabella.

On the other hand, Arabella, whose mind was all sensibility, could not but reflect with grief, that a knight descended from such a race of glorious ancestors, should thus by the irregularity of his

his conduct, bring a disgrace upon them. She continued for several days to bewail Sir George, though at the same time she despised him, and Mr. Glanville believing that her solitude confirmed her in her ridiculous notions, proposed bringing her to London. As her mourning was now over, she did not make any objection to the proposal; but as Mr. Glanville's health was not yet restored; his father proposed that they should spend a few weeks at Bath.

Before they set out, Sir George sent his servant with a letter to Arabella, but because he did not deliver it on his knees, she told him he was a presumptuous squire, and his master a false prince. The fellow not knowing what she meant, desired to know what answer he was to take to his master, but instead of receiving one, she ordered him to be gone. The fellow having informed Sir George he was much more surprised than ever, and could not help considering Arabella as truly ridiculous, who could talk in such a manner to his servant. Next day Sir George went to take leave of Sir Charles and the rest of the family, and he said so many fine things to Miss Glanville, that she was only sorry that he could not be prevailed on to accompany them.

The day of their departure being come, they set out in a coach and six, attended by several servants on horseback, and during the first day, nothing material happened, but in the evening of the second, they were alarmed by the approach of three highwaymen, all well mounted. One of the servants who first saw them, rode up to the coach, and whispered Mr. Glanville, that they were in danger. Sir Charles, who was near his son,

son, heard what was said by the servant, and imprudently mentioned it to his niece. Mr. Glanville, without speaking one word, jumped out of the coach, and Miss Glanville being afraid that her father would follow, sprung into her brother's seat, and held her arms around the old baronet's neck. Arabella asked her uncle whether they were not knights, to which he answered they were knights of the road, and that there was not the least doubt but they would have a warm engagement with them, for it would be scandalous to give it up, seeing they were only three in number.

At last, the highwaymen came up to the coach, but Arabella, who still concluded that they were knights, called out to them not to endanger their lives; for they (meaning herself and Miss Glanville) had not been carried away by violence. The highwaymen, who did not understand what she meant, rode off, finding that the servants would be more than a match for them. As Arabella had been assured by Mr. Glanville that Edward, the gardener, whom they called the prince, was dead, so she concluded that those knights were lovers of Miss Glanville, and actually told her so, but the other answered that she had no lovers among highwaymen.

Mr. Glanville being afraid that his sister as well as his father would carry the argument so far as to expose the absurdities of his cousin, turned the discourse on another subject, after he had fully assured Arabella that the men whom she took for knights were no other than robbers who came with a design of rifling their pockets.

Nothing

Nothing more worth mentioning happened till they arrived within sight of Bath, when Arabella took notice that she had never seen any place that was so like the vale of Tempé in Macedonia. She added, that if it should ever be her misfortune to be taken away by some knight to Macedonia, she would visit the valley of Tempé. Sir Charles asked her, in the name of wonder, who could take her to Macedonia, for he believed that it was in the dominions of the great Mogul. Mr. Glanville answered, that Macedonia was in Turkey, and added, that there was no reason to fear that ever his cousin would have the misfortune to visit it. This, however, did not satisfy Arabella, who said there was no doubt but she would one day have the misfortune to be carried thither.

This discourse brought them to Bath, where lodgings had been provided for them, and each retired to their respective apartments, to repose themselves after the fatigues of their journey. In the morning, Miss Glanville having learned that there were great numbers of people of the first rank in Bath, persuaded her cousin to accompany her to the pump-room. As they went in their morning dress, Arabella made choice of a veil according to the directions contained in her romances, and Miss Glanville was too eager to set off her own beauty, to take the least notice of the oddities of her cousin. The veil, however, was not able to conceal all her beauties, for they shone through it like the sun through a cloud. The women filled with envy whispered to each other who could she be, and called her one of the most ridiculous creatures they had ever seen.

seen. The men, however, were of a very different opinion, for they admired the equal symmetry of her features, the agreeable manner in which she walked, the dignity of her person, and a thousand other things, while the beau swore they believed she had some intention of bringing such a ridiculous custom into fashion.

Some of the sober people believed she was some foreigner, who had come on a visit to England, while others imagined she was a nun who had escaped out of one of the Spanish convents. Arabella, who never took notice of what they said, nor knew that they were talking of her, walked along with Mr. Glanville, while Miss Glanville, who had now mixed with the crowd, told them who her cousin was, upon which the men saw more beauties in her than ever, because of her fortune, and the ladies were over-awed, when they heard that she was the daughter of a marquis.

Having seen every thing curious in the pump-room, Arabella proposed returning home; and Mr. Glanville meeting with two of his acquaintances, took them home along with him to breakfast. There they had an opportunity of seeing his amiable cousin, and it must be acknowledged that they could not look upon her without admiration. Miss Glanville was fully convinced that the gentlemen took more notice of her cousin than of herself, and therefore she was rather in an ill humour. The youngest of the gentlemen was one of those who are commonly called pretty fellows, though he had scarce any right to that appellation. This spark, who addressed himself wholly to Miss Glanville, seemed

to mind nothing so much as her engaging air; but Mr. Selwin, the other gentleman, was of a much graver disposition. He was one of those persons whose memories enable them to retain every thing they read; and as he had perused most of the ancient historians, he could fix the date of any particular transaction, and describe the situation of places, as mentioned by those historians. He had by that extraordinary talent, long shone unrivalled in all companies; for he was so exact, that it was almost impossible to discover that he was in an error. Here, however, he was led into a scrape, by one whom he never imagined capable of doing it.

Arabella having mentioned what she thought concerning the Bath waters, could not help telling the company, that they were in her opinion, much inferior to those of Thermopyle in Greece, both in their qualities and effects. Mr. Selwin, who with all his reading, had never met with any account of those celebrated springs, knew not what answer to make, and was desperately nonplused, especially when he considered that the company had fixed their eyes upon him. Vexed that he should be thus put to his shifts by a girl, he told her that she must be mistaken, for he was sure there was no such medicinal spring in the place that she mentioned. Arabella piqued to hear her knowledge called in question, asked him if he had ever read Scudery, to which he answered, he had not, for he had taken the Greek authors for his guide, and as for Scudery, he knew nothing of him.

He then proceeded to tell Arabella, that he remembered something of that Scudery being quoted
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by Plutarch, but he could never learn in what part of Greece he lived. To this Arabella answered, that he was a Frenchman, who lived about a hundred years ago, and consequently could not have been quoted by Plutarch. Mr. Glanville burst out into a hearty laugh at the expence of Mr. Selwin, who had not one word to say, and the beau, who had been engaged with Miss Glanville, made himself very merry at the ignorance of his companion.

As Mr. Glanville had too much politeness to make his friend blush any longer than was necessary to make him more modest for the future, he changed the discourse to another subject, and told the company that in his opinion nothing was more beneath the dignity of rational creatures, than to spend every part of their time in ridiculing the follies of others. In this he was seconded by Arabella, who went into a long dissertation on the nature of ridicule, and declared, that the person who took pleasure in it, must have a mind filled with rancour. The two gentlemen having taken their leave for that time, it was next proposed, that as a grand ball was to be given at the assembly room, therefore Arabella should go there along with her cousins. To this she did not make any objections, but instead of having her dress made in the usual fashion, she ordered the mantua-maker to do it up in the same manner as that which was used by Julia, daughter of the emperor Augustus. The poor mantua-maker declared she knew nothing of such a fashion, but some persons having given her proper instructions, contrived it so well, that it gave the utmost satisfaction to Arabella. Miss Glanville, who doubted

not but her cousin would be laughed at, was not a little mortified when she saw the eyes of the whole company fixed upon her, and every one beholding her with admiration. Mr. Selwin, who was still proud of her company, came up and told her, he wondered how a lady of her good sense could wear the dress of the princess Julia, who, although the daughter of an emperor, was no better than a common prostitute. This last expression stung Arabella to the quick, who could not bear to hear the character of her favorite princess ridiculed in that manner, and therefore she desired Mr. Selvin for the future to be more circumspect in what he said concerning the ladies. In the mean time Mr. Tinsel, the beau, with whom Miss Glanville was engaged, made so many severe observations on the conduct of every lady that entered the room, that Arabella began to imagine that all the people who came there spent their time in the same cruel and useless manner, so that she resolved to return home.

When they returned home, Sir Charles told his niece, that she had now had a sight of the most polite places in Bath, and had been introduced into the most fashionable company, and therefore he desired to know her opinion of what she had seen. To this she answered, that she had not received so much entertainment as she expected, and that if there was nothing more rational in the circle of public life, she would once more with pleasure return to her books.

Miss Glanville, who happened to be present, asked Arabella what more noble amusements she would desire than dressing, going to the pump-room,

room, the ball, and the assembly, and spending the evening at cards. Arabella who began to have but a diminutive opinion of her cousin's understanding, told her that the men with such poor effeminate voices did not in the least resemble the heroes she had read of, and therefore she was determined for the future to shun all connections with such mean insignificant wretches.

Miss Glanville, who was not able to engage in the argument against Arabella, prevailed on Mr. Tinsel to assist her, who turning to our heroine, told her, he was surpris'd a lady of her great politeness should be an enemy to dress and amusements. He observed that these things were not only innocent but necessary, and that in consequence of them the trade and manufactures of the nation were encouraged.

Arabella not in the least disconcerted, told him that she was no enemy to dress, nor to any of the public amusements that could be conducted consistent with decorum on the principles of private and public virtue; but when she considered in what an effeminate manner the gentlemen dressed, and how they spent their time in things that did not so much as deserve the name of trifles, she was under the necessity of despising them, because they could never be able to act the part of heroes. She then proceeded to relate a great many passages out of her romances, how some of the most celebrated princes of antiquity retired from the wars, and although they took an innocent relaxation in the company of their mistresses, yet they never gave themselves up to sloth and indolence.

Miss Glanville was vexed most shockingly when she found that Mr. Tinsel could make no reply, and therefore turning to Arabella told her, that she could not think it consistent with the softness of her sex to be continually talking of wars and battles. This, however did not in the least discompose our heroine, who was too full of her notions to yield them to those whose abilities seemed far inferior to her own, and therefore she told Miss Glanville that she had no other intention in being severe in her remarks than to teach the gentlemen what could not fail of aggrandizing their characters.

As soon as the conversation was over, Mr. Tinsel and Mr. Selwin took leave for that night, and in their way home began to make some comments on what they had heard. Mr. Tinsel said he was sure Arabella was a fool, otherwise she would not have uttered so much nonsense, but his friend, Mr. Selwin, was of a different opinion. He said the lady had read a great deal, and that her memory was even more retentive than his own, for she had quoted passages from antient authors that he had totally forgotten. By the time they arrived at home, the controversy became so hot, that had not some of their friends brought them to a right understanding of each other, they would certainly have decided the dispute with the sword.

In the morning the two young gentlemen went again to wait on Sir Charles, and found him at breakfast with his son and daughter. Arabella being at that time in her closet, reading one of her favourite romances. When the mutual compliments were over, Mr. Tinsel took Miss Glanville

vile aside, and told her that he had nearly been pinked in a duel for vindicating her honour in preference to her cousin, and begged that she would honour him with her company to take a walk.

This she consented to, and went to ask her cousin, but Arabella was so deeply engaged in the fate of the princess Melisimbria, that she declared she could not give over reading it. Miss Glanville told her that the princess might be hanged, which so much aggravated Arabella, that she asked her if it was proper thus to treat the sacred character of the lady whom she esteemed with so much ridicule.

Miss Glanville, who knew not what answer to make, to what she considered as the most vile and ridiculous nonsense, told Arabella that she only wasted time, and that she feared Mr. Selwin was waiting for her below, under the character of a new lover.

As Arabella had formed all her notions of common life from what she had read in romances, so she looked on this last expression as a new affront. She could not conceive how any gentleman could be so profane as to tell a lady that he was in love, till such time as he had fought many battles in vindication of her honour. Miss Glanville, who was not of such a martial spirit, told her that Mr. Selwin's passions of love were in every respect consistent with the utmost decorum, and such as was practised by all the people in high life. She then ransacked all her books, and gave such a detail of the rules necessary to be observed in courtship, that she actually considered her in a state of delirium, and

refused to speak one word more on the subject.

Arabella, who was all good-nature, told her cousin that she was sorry the sublime and heavenly examples she had mentioned had not had any effect on her mind, but as she would not be guilty of ill manners, she shut her book, and ordered her to bring her some few things that she might make herself ready to go out with the company. Miss Glanville waited for her beloved cousin, and when she made her appearance, dressed in the most decent and agreeable manner, she began to reflect that as she had left her veil, so her charms would eclipse those of every other person in the public walks, and consequently she might lose a lover.

Arabella, in all the lustre of unexampled beauty, set out with Miss Glanville and the two gentlemen for the public walks, and it must be freely acknowledged that Mr. Selwin began to consider her as far superior to any thing he had ever read of in history; on the other hand Mr. Tinsel was so much engaged in admiring her, that he forgot Miss Glanville, a circumstance not a little mortifying to that high-bred lady, whose knowledge of the world had been acquired at the court end of the town. She told Mr. Selwin that if he would ingratiate himself with Arabella he must go and ask her pardon on his knees for having presumed to declare that he was in love with her.

This was a most mortifying consideration, but as he fondly imagined there might be still some reason to hope, he did as Miss Glanville had desired, and was heartily laughed at by all present,

sent, except Arabella, who declared that he had never given her any offence. She mentioned indeed that he had not acted consistent with the character of some of the heroes of antiquity, but that she said might be owing to the violence of his passion. She then turned to Miss Glanville and told her, that she desired to return home, to which the other, who had not been much pleased with her morning walk, willingly complied.

As soon as they returned home, Arabella went up to her closet, and Miss Glanville retired to dress for dinner, while Mr. Selwin and Mr. Tinsel went to a coffee-house, in order to clear up some mistakes that seemed to have taken place in the course of their conversation. It seems the two gentlemen had disputed upon the merits of the ladies, and both becoming warm in their passions, they each retired into private apartments to write a letter to Arabella, without communicating their design to each other.

Mr. Selwin sent his first, but no sooner had the messenger got admittance to Lucy the waiting-maid, when another arrived from Mr. Tinsel, but Lucy refused to receive either of them as contrary to her lady's orders.

The messengers told her that the letters related to some things of the utmost importance, and as there was nothing of love in them she must deliver it to her lady. Lucy finding, according to their account, that there was nothing in them relating to love, ventured to take them, and having dismissed the servants, went up to her lady's apartment. She had no sooner entered the door of the chamber, than her lady seeing that she had letters in her hand, asked her in a more than or-

dinary tone, why she had transgressed her orders so far as to bring love-letters to her without her permission. Lucy told her she was sure they did not relate to love, for the messengers told her that they contained some things of the utmost importance, upon which our heroine more vexed than ever, told her that no knight would write letters to her on any subject but love, and therefore ordered her take them away, and once more deliver them to the perfidious cavaliers.

Before she had done speaking, Miss Glanville entered the room, and seeing her cousin much discomposed asked her the reason. Arabella then related the story of the letters, telling her she doubted not but there was a fresh scheme in agitation to carry her away.

Miss Glanville, who had not yet seen the letters, asked whom she suspected, and being answered that it was either Mr. Selwin or Mr. Tinsel, Miss Glanville declared that the latter was a man of too much generosity ever to be guilty of such an ungenerous action. Arabella then shewed her the letter from Mr. Selwin, in which he denied that he had ever loved her, at which Miss Glanville laughed heartily, which put our heroine out of all sorts of patience. She could not bear to hear that such a cavalier as Mr. Selwin was not in love with her, and in proof of the reality of her sentiments quoted, as usual, many passages out of her romances which no one understood but herself.

The letter from Mr. Tinsel was next produced, and when Miss Glanville had read it, she seemed to be a good deal affected, for she
had

had hitherto imagined that gentlemen to be wholly her own. Arabella was going to repeat some similar circumstances out of her romances when she was interrupted by Lucy, who entered the chamber, and told them that dinner was ready, upon which both the ladies adjourned to the dining-room.

The cloth was scarce removed when Mr. Selwin came into the room, and Arabella could not help blushing, when she reflected on the contents of his letters. He said all he could to vindicate himself, but that not being satisfactory to the fair Arabella, she went out of the room and made a sign for him not to follow her. As she was going up to her apartment Mr. Tinsel arrived, and not doubting but his letter had operated powerfully in his favour, he went to Lucy the waiting-maid, and desired to be admitted to speak with her lady. Lucy told him that she could not admit him, unless he would declare that he was not in love, which vexed him so much, that he asked her what she meant by such an expression. In answer to this he was told, that if he was in love, he must die, for his lady had commanded all those to die whoever talked of love to her. Mr. Tinsel then put half a guinea into her hand, telling her again that he was not in love, upon which she went and carried in his name to her mistress. Arabella told her she was a most imprudent girl, for many false knights had imposed on ladies in the same manner, but as Lucy assured her he spoke the truth, it was agreed that he should be permitted to speak to her on certain conditions. Lucy having communicated her lady's orders

to Mr. Tinsel, who did not understand one word of them, insisted upon going to her apartment, upon which the girl, who had imbibed many of her lady's notions, screamed out in so violent a manner as if some person had been going to murder her.

Arabella hearing her woman exclaim in this manner, and seeing Tinsel enter her chamber, she fell back on her seat in a state of insensibility, giving up herself for lost. Her other woman came into the room at the same time, and concluding that Arabella was dead, and that Tinsel was the cause of it, asked him what business he had there? Tinsel had not time to answer before Sir Charles, Mr. Glanville, and his sister entered the room in great surprise, not knowing what to make of this strange adventure. Mr. Glanville ran to the assistance of Arabella who was still in a swoon, and taking her in his arms, she began to recover gradually; whilst Sir Charles and Miss Glanville continued interrogating Mr. Tinsel what could have induced him to enter at such a time into that lady's apartment. The first words that Arabella uttered, were that she had been taken away to an enchanted castle, and, therefore, as she was now in her own room, she desired to know who were her deliverers, that she might thank them in a proper manner. Sir Charles told her, that she had never been out of her apartment, and turning to Mr. Tinsel, desired to know whether he had done any thing whatever to frighten his niece. To this the young gentleman answered, that he had no such design, and that he really believed the lady was
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mad, or at least she was very much disordered in the use of her intellects.

Sir Charles, who doubted not but Lucy would be able to give him the best information, interrogated the girl in the strictest manner, and having learned in what manner Mr. Tinsel got into the apartment of his niece, he stepped up to him, and in an angry manner desired that he for the future would be no more seen at his house. To this Tinsel answered, that he would take care for the future never to come near his niece, because she was not only a mad woman, but even beneath contempt.

Mr. Glanville, who had heard some part of the conversation, stepped up to Tinsel, and told him that he hoped he would not take such liberties with his cousin, as he was determined to vindicate her honour on every occasion whatever.

The beau, who had no inclination to fight, told Mr. Glanville that he might do as he pleased, but as for himself he would never for the future give himself any trouble concerning a woman who was to all intents and purposes only fit for Bedlam; adding, that he was not so fond of a halter as to have one put about his neck and himself hanged up for no other reason but that of going into a lady's private apartment. He concluded by telling him that he was not afraid to fight upon condition that the object in question had been worthy of it, but as he was convinced of the contrary, he would not give himself so much trouble; and as Mr. Glanville was unwilling to expose the weakness of his cousin, he

he suffered him to go away for that time without any chastisement.

As soon as Mr. Glanville entered the room after Tinsel was gone, Arabella told him she doubted not but he had taken an ample revenge on the person who intended to ravish her, to which he answered he had; and then she applauded him greatly, comparing his courage to that of some of those heroes of whom she had read so much in her romances.

Mr. Glanville was charmed with what she said, and leaving her for that night retired to his own apartment in order to consult on such measures as should seem proper to bring his cousin back to a sense of reason. As soon as he was gone she sent for her waiting maid, Lucy, and asked her what enchanted castle she had been carried to, and who were the false knights who had taken her away. The poor girl who had neither seen knights nor castles told her the whole truth, at which she was so much vexed that she said she was sure she was imposing on her, and therefore admonished her to take care what she said, least on any future occasion she should sully her glory by giving a partial account of her adventures. Lucy who knew that there was no knight concerned in the affair, told her lady that she could never be able to relate adventures that never happened, upon which Arabella flew into a violent passion and commanded her to depart out of her room. Lucy who had never seen her lady so much offended before, burst into tears, which so affected the tender heart of Arabella, that forgetting her anger she told her in the most

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condescending manner that she would forgive her upon condition that she would tell her in what manner she had been imposed upon in letting the knight into her chamber. Upon that Lucy sobbing in the most pitiful manner, told her that she knew nothing of his being a knight, but that telling his name was Tinsel, and putting half a guinea in her hand, she had suffered him to come in, though not till he had declared that he was not in love. She added, that when she found he had an intention to carry her ladyship away, she struggled with him as much as she could, till her cries brought the rest of the people of the house to her assistance, but as to her being carried away she assured her that she was never out of the room.

Arabella lost in shame and confusion that her waiting maid should have betrayed her for the small matter of half a guinea, while her romances told her that diamonds of great value had been given for that purpose, ordered her to withdraw till such time as she should consider of the matter in a more attentive manner. For some time she sat in the most disconsolate manner not knowing what step to take, but at length her spirits being exhausted and being fond of relaxation she went down stairs, where she found Sir Charles, Mr. Glanville and his father, all waiting for her in the parlour.

Miss Glanville who had with a malicious pleasure triumphed over the extravagant notions of her beautiful cousin, was disappointed in finding that they had not had the wished for effect on her father and brother.

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Mr. Glanville, who did not despair but one time or other he should be able to bring his cousin off from all her absurdities, looked upon her as one of the most amiable young ladies he had ever met with. He told his sister that she was unacquainted with the merits of Arabella, who although she might have been misled in her notions for want of a proper person to superintend her education, yet all these extravagancies would wear off, and then he doubted not but she would become even more than an ornament to her sex. He added, to the no small mortification of his sister, that she was a thousand times more accomplished than herself, although her real merit then lay concealed.

This was what Miss Glanville could not bear, and therefore reddening with vexation she told him he was a silly fool to compare a girl brought up in the country to one of her polite education. Sir Charles, who like a tender parent could not bear to hear his children disputing on so tender a point, told Mr. Glanville that he ought not to carry things too far, for although his sister was very well in her way, yet Lady Arabella was one of the most accomplished women he had ever seen. Miss Glanville not being able to contain herself any longer, after hearing that her father preferred her cousin to her, burst into tears, and exclaimed that her brother had treated her in the most cruel manner ever since he had made his addressee to Arabella.

Mr. Glanville, who was not hard hearted, could not see his sister in tears without sympathizing with her, and, therefore, he said every thing

thing he could in order to alleviate her sufferings. He launched out into a long detail of her virtues, and the many accomplishments of which she was possessed. This was a temporary relief to Miss Glanville, whose ideas were confined to what is called in a certain part of the town, high life; and, therefore, she became more and more reconciled.

In the mean time Miss Glanville dried up her tears, and Arabella making her appearance, Mr. Glanville danced with joy. He was so much transported that he knew not what to say to his beloved cousin who engaged the whole of his attention. He took her in his arms and seated her beside his sister, but Miss Glanville was too much sunk in melancholy to take any notice of her. Arabella who was all complaisance, not knowing she was the cause of any offence, asked her cousin why she was so much discomposed, to which Miss Glanville answered in a cold reserved manner, seeming as if she would rather drop the subject than continue the argument any longer; especially as it appeared that her brother was her enemy.

Miss Glanville then told Lady Bella that her brother had treated her in the most indignant manner, without her giving him any cause for doing so.

Arabella had no sooner heard what her cousin said than she began a long discourse on the nature of detraction. She said it was the duty of every man or woman in the world to speak well of her fellow creatures, till by the force of conviction they had reason to do otherwise. That there were different tempers and dispositions

tions to be met with, and as our whole lives ought to be confined to rational studies, so we ought to reduce all those principles to practice, and not suffer them to remain dormant or inactive. She concluded by telling them that in the small circle of her acquaintance she had not found many of either sex who had acted consistent with those principles, but that many of them had professed one thing in words while their works were diametrically opposite. That nothing in the world could give a greater sanction to our actions than sincerity; for unless that was the leading principle, they dwindled down to gilded hypocrisy.

Mr. Glanville (she said) might have given offence to his sister, a circumstance that she never wished for, as she looked upon her as one of the most amiable of her sex; but she hoped a good understanding would take place between them, and that none should be more ready to promote it than herself.

These words spoken with such authority, and yet in so modest a manner, raised the passions of Mr. Glanville to such a height that he could scarce contain himself within the rules of common decency. Sir Charles expressed his surprise at so much good wit and solid sense flowing from the mouth of his niece, but no sooner had he done speaking than Mr. Selwin arrived and sent in his name. Arabella no sooner heard his name mentioned than she was filled with confusion, and upon his entering the room told him in a stern manner that she had already laid her commands upon him, and therefore wondered why he could ever err in that manner to return
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to her castle. Mr. Selwin in answer told her that she had commanded him to leave his native country, but he could not see what reason he had to do so, seeing he had not committed any crime to subject him to such a punishment.

Arabella, who had no notions of any thing but what she learned in her romances, told him that he was a most pusillanimous knight, otherwise he would have gone into foreign parts, in order to have fought her battles, and revenged her cause, but as he had refused to comply with her orders, she would for the future look upon him with contempt, and then taking her leave of the company, she made a sign for him to be gone out of the room, and then, in the most haughty manner, retired to her own chamber, to ruminate upon the adventures of the day.

The whole company remained staring at each other, on account of her strange expressions, except Mr. Glanville, who loved her so dearly, that he turned his back to them to look at some paintings, while Miss Glanville, who wanted to make herself merry at the expence of her cousin, asked Mr. Selwin if he would not take leave of his friends before he set out for the place of his banishment.

Mr. Glanville was vexed to the heart, when he heard his sister ridicule his amiable cousin, and as he knew it was inconsistent with good manners to discover his real sentiments, he returned to his chamber, in order to give some vent to his grief. In the mean time, Sir Charles told Mr. Selwin, that he knew not what to make of his niece, and wished she could be brought off those ridiculous notions, that had in a manner almost turned her brain.

brain. Miss Glanville said, that she was sorry there were no such places as protestant nunneries, otherwise her cousin might be confined in one of them till she came to the right use of her reason.

Arabella, who doubted not but Mr. Selwin was lost in a swoon, sent Lucy to enquire how he did, and to intimate at the same time, that she would give him all the consolation in her power. The poor girl came with her message into the dining room, and having delivered it, Charles laughed heartily, and desired her to go and tell her lady, that Mr. Selwin did not want any consolation. Lucy returned with her answer, and meeting her lady at the door, told her that Mr. Selwin did not want any consolation. He had no sooner mentioned these words, than Arabella screamed out, and then throwing herself into a chair, exclaimed, that he had thrown himself upon his sword, and therefore she must go and enquire whether the body was removed or not. Lucy not knowing what she did, went down again to the dining room, and told Sir Charles, that her mistress was anxious to know whether the body was removed. Sir Charles laughing, desired her to tell her lady that he wanted to speak to her.

Arabella received this message with all the anxiety imaginable, and going down to the dining room, asked if Mr. Selwin was dead, adding, that if he was still alive, she was come to grant him her pardon, that he might depart in peace. Sir Charles vexed to the utmost, told her she might make herself entirely easy, for he had departed above half an hour before, meaning that
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he was returned home. This answer frightened her more than ever ; she thought he was really dead, and burst into tears. Sir Charles was almost mad, when he considered her extravagant notions, and Mr. Glanville coming in, said that he would hang himself, unless she would refrain from exposing herself in every company, which so exasperated lady Bella, that she could not help repeating to him some stories out of her romances.

When Arabella had finished her speech, she got up and went to her chamber, followed by Miss Glanville, and getting into a chair, told her cousin that she was the most unhappy woman in the world, for poor Mr. Selwin had killed himself for her sake. Miss Glanville desired her to make herself entirely easy, as Mr. Selwin was alive and well, adding, at the same time, that she wondered how such notions should come into her head. Arabella, overjoyed to hear that the wound, which she supposed he had given himself, was not mortal, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and seeing Mr. Glanville coming into the room, told him that she was going to write to Mr. Selwin, to live for her sake, and not to die in consequence of her former cruel sentence.

Mr. Glanville, who was quite vexed, told her that she might make herself quite easy, for Mr. Selwin was in no danger. To this the lady answered, that he must be in danger, because of her absolute commands for him to go into banishment, and she knew that all ladies had power over the men. Mr. Glanville told her that Mr. Selwin knew the ladies of his country too well to believe that she had any authority to order him into banishment, or he to obey such an order, as they
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were both subject to the laws, nor could any thing of that nature take place but in a court of justice, after a legal conviction.

This produced a long altercation between them, Arabella insisting that every knight ought to sacrifice to his vengeance all those who presumed to look upon his mistress, and Mr. Glanville, on the other hand, insisting that nothing was so happy for people, as that of being subject to the laws. He even went so far as to tell her, that whatever her notions of honour might be, yet they were in the utmost sense of the word, repugnant to public justice, and such as would be punished by the laws of all well-regulated states. As Mr. Glanville was vexed to the utmost to find that no arguments could have any effect on his cousin, he took leave of her in disgust, and retired to his apartment, cursing those books that had misled one of the best minds that ever was bestowed upon a woman. Miss Glanville was so much convinced of her cousin's superior charms, that she could not bear to be seen with her any more in public, and therefore told her sister and brother, that she had made herself so ridiculous in all public places, that it would be much better to keep her at home. This request of his was easily complied with, for Arabella had such notions of public places, that she never desired to see them, except in compliance with the request of her cousin. Indeed the ladies who had seen Arabella, hated her because she was so extremely handsome, that she eclipsed them all, and such were the fine sentiments she had imbibed, exclusive of her other notions, that no person could

could hear her speak without being lost in admiration.

A celebrated countess happened to be then at Bath, and as she was an honour to her sex, and an ornament to nobility, she could not hear Arabella traduced without interesting herself in her favour. She told the ladies, that she, while young, had been led astray, by reading romances, but by being directed to more proper and useful studies, and conversation with the world, she had been brought back to the exercise of sober reason. She concluded, by telling Miss Glanville, who happened to be at the assembly at the same time, that she would endeavour to bring her cousin off from such notions, if she would put her under her tuition. Miss Glanville, though vexed to hear that the countess had so far vindicated the character of her cousin, yet could not, consistent with good breeding, refuse to conduct the lady to her cousin, but that favour the countess declined till the following day. In the mean time Miss Glanville returned home, and told her brother all that had been said by the countess, which pleased him so much, that he could not help going to Arabella, and telling her that one of the most celebrated ladies in Britain would wait on her next day, being extremely fond of conversing with her. Arabella considered this as one of the greatest condescensions that had ever been made to her, and told Mr. Glanville that she should think herself highly honoured in being admitted into the company of such a lady, whose many accomplishments would always make her dear to every person of sensibility.

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The countess next day addressed herself to her in her own stile. She told her, that she had gone over all the romances that had made such a distinguishing figure in the world, and she was well convinced that the stories never existed, except in the imagination of the writers; for it was impossible to suppose that so many ladies and their heroes would traverse plains and deserts, while they might have enjoyed happiness at home. She concluded, by telling her, that no person of good sense, in the present age, paid any regard to them; that it was no better than weakness in parents to suffer their children to read books which falsified history, and made people believe that to be true that was contrary to the dictates of natural reason. That she could sympathize with her for having imbibed such notions, because she had been carried away by the same notions herself; she doubted not, however, but she would give herself time to reflect seriously on these things, and not make herself an object of ridicule, while the powers of her mind were such, as could not fail of doing honour to her sex. Arabella, who blushed to confess her ignorance of the facts in history, made no answer to the countess, for she was afraid that some improper expressions should drop out of her mouth.

The next time that the countess waited on Arabella, our heroine desired her to relate her adventures, to which the countess answered, that the word adventures convey a very disagreeable idea, that no person in the present age was said to be concerned in adventures, unless they had first divested themselves of all title to modesty. That adventures in the present age, were no other than intrigues

intrigues to bring about seduction, and as for those she had read of, they never existed. In answer to this, Arabella told her, that no times or places could alter the nature of virtue and vice, and that if it was virtuous for heroes of ancient times to defend the characters of their mistresses, it must be the same now. The countess said all she could to bring her off from her extravagant notions, but all to no purpose, for heroic love had taken deep root in her heart, and she could not bear the thoughts of giving up her beloved romances.

The countess taking her leave, Arabella retired to her chamber, and Mr. Glanville coming in, told his father that he was extremely happy when he began to reflect that the countess would make a convert of his cousin. Sir Charles, however, was not of the same opinion, for he told his son, that the countess had as many strange whims in her head as his niece, and that she was no proper person to bring her back to the use of reason. Mr. Glanville was so much vexed at these words of his father that he knew not what answer to make, and therefore retired to his chamber as usual.

Within a few days after this conversation with the countess, that lady was obliged to leave both, in order to attend her mother, who was seized with a dangerous illness, so that our heroine had not an opportunity of conversing with her any more at that time.

They had now been about three weeks at Bath, and Sir Charles having some business to transact in London, proposed setting out for the capital, and taking his niece along with him. Arabella,

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who was all obedience, so far as her own romantic notions were not contradicted, made no objections to her uncle's proposal, and a coach being got ready, they all set out together, attended by several servants on horseback.

Nothing very remarkable happened during the journey, only that Arabella could not help making observations on every thing she saw. Every milkmaid was some princess in disguise, forced away by some lover whom she hated, and much more so, the daughter of a country farmer, whom she happened to see riding behind one of her father's servants. She often intreated Mr. Glanville to go and fight them, which occasioned no small share of laughter in Miss Glanville, and several violent disputes between the baronet and his son. The baronet was often so much vexed, that he said she was mad, which pleased his daughter to the highest degree, but at the same time vexed Mr. Glanville to the utmost. At last, after a variety of such mistakes, occasioned by her perverted notions, they arrived safely in London, a place where all ranks are confounded together, and every one may assume what character he pleases.

Miss Glanville's next business was to dispatch two or three hundred cards to her numerous acquaintance, after which she repeated to her cousin such a long list of public places, that they must visit, that Arabella asked her whether she intended to stay in London three or four years. This question was so foreign to what Miss Glanville expected, that she told Arabella she was always too grave. Arabella had a mean
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opinion of her cousin's notions, but she had the good sense to conceal them, lest she should have given any offence.

She went the same evening to a celebrated ball, where she behaved with great reserve, for her romances had filled her mind with the highest notions of grandeur. Mr. Glanville took her to see the most noted places in the city, but he was still infatuated on finding that she could not help making allusions to her romances on every occasion. The next day they went to Vauxhall, where they met a naval officer with a girl of the town dressed in men's cloaths. The girl was quite disguised with liquor, and having affronted a young spark he drew his sword upon her, which caused her to seek protection from her keeper, but he was as drunk as herself. Arabella no sooner heard that the lady was disguised in men's apparel than she ran up to her, and made a most heroic speech in the true stile of romance. This vexed Mr. Glanville so much that he endeavoured to pull her away but in vain, for she still kept talking to the girl, whom she called unknown fair. At last Mr. Glanville perceiving that a crowd was gathering round them, told Arabella that he would acquaint her with all he knew concerning the affair, upon which she was prevailed upon to get into a coach.

Upon their arrival at home Mr. Glanville told his father what had happened, upon which Sir Charles, who began to look upon her as really mad, proposed taking out a commission of lunacy in order to have her confined. Mr. Glanville though much in love with his cousin could

not help acknowledging the force of what his father said, telling him that he could not think of her as a wife 'till she was cured of those foibles, but still hoped there would be an opportunity of bringing it about.

Arabella had been now about a month in London, and the gross air began to have a visible effect on her constitution, which induced Sir Charles to remove her to Richmond. There she was visited by several ladies, many of whom were young, and although they saw the superiority of her charms, yet they could not help laughing at what they called her oddities. As for Arabella she was much surprized that she could not find one of the ladies whom she could converse with, and therefore she spent the afternoons in walking out to the park attended by her faithful Lucy. One evening as she was returning home, she heard a female voice exclaim in the true stile of romance, and going up to the place from whence it issued, saw a lady in the most elegant dress lamenting her hard fate that had deprived her of her lover.

Arabella was all impatience to hear her story, and having promised to give her all the assistance in her power, the lady after much intreaty proceeded to satisfy her curiosity, not doubting but she would conceal her misfortunes from the world, and not expose her as she had too often been to false knights.

This woman who had been made choice of for the worst of purposes, and instructed how to act her part, told Arabella that she was a princess, and that she had been brought up in all indulgencies by her father, a count in Gaul.

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That she had been courted by a young prince, who after having obtained her consent had discarded her in the most cruel manner; and that she was now come in quest of him, having learned that he was going to ruin some other ladies. Arabella sympathized with her, and prevailed upon her to meet her at the same place next day. In her way thither she took care to prevent their being seen by Mr. Glanville, who happened to cross the road on horseback just as she sat down beside the princess of Gaul. The latter casting her eyes on Mr. Glanville, who was got far enough not to hear her, screamed out and then fell into a swoon.

Arabella quite surprised sent Lucy for some water, and having brought the princess once more to herself, asked the reason of her disorder. " Oh madam, said she, pity me; for that person whom you saw cross the road is the prince who has ruined me. He may possibly disguise himself under some other name, but nothing shall screen him from my vengeance. Shame rage and disappointed love all took place in Arabella's heart, and leaving the princess, she hastened home to her own apartment where she burst into tears. In the mean time Mr. Glanville came in and desired to know the cause of her grief. She called him a false traitor; adding, that he had ruined the princess of Gaul.

Mr. Glanville stood motionless for some time, but being ordered to withdraw from her chamber, he began to reflect on the conduct of Sir George Bellamont, and his suspicions were, that the whole was a scheme contrived by him. At last he had some thoughts of going to his coun-

try feat and make him confess the whole, but as he recollected that he would probably visit her in London, or the environs of Richmond, he told Mr. Robert's, his father's steward, that he would conceal himself in some house in the town, and leave him to make what discoveries he could. Mr. Roberts promised to act according to his directions, and the next evening Arabella being prevailed on by her maid Lucy to accompany some ladies to Twickenham, she consented to it, because she recollected that the princess of Gaul, had told her that she lived there. Mr. Roberts had just time to inform Mr. Glanville, and leaving him, hired a boat, and landed on the other side, a few minutes after them. Mr. Glanville, who waited with impatience for the return of Roberts, saw towards evening a lady cross one of the walks opposite his window, and soon after he saw Sir George walking up to her. He doubted not but the lady was his cousin, and therefore running to the place, he commanded him to defend himself. Sir George had just time to draw his sword, and in a few minutes he received a wound that brought him to the ground. The lady screamed out and ran for assistance, but how great was Mr. Glanville's surprise, when he found it was his sister. Mr. Glanville's revenge was now turned into pity, he was sorry for the rash action he had been guilty of, but it gave him some pleasure to find that the wound was not mortal. Sir George told him he did not deserve such favour from him, as he had contrived a scheme to deprive him of his beloved mistress, but Mr. Glanville did not care to press him for an explanation.

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It seems Arabella and the ladies had spent so much time in search of the princess of Gaul, that it began to grow dark, and they being urgent to return home, she asked them if they were in danger of being carried away, or if they did not know of any valiant cavaliers to protect them. As they knew her infatuated notions they made no answer, which she construed into signs of fear, and seeing some men on horseback come up, she ran towards the river. The ladies were much frightened lest she should destroy herself, and following her as fast as possible, she turned about and made a long speech to them on the conduct of some of the heroines of romance, after which, telling them that her name would be immortalized in history, she flung herself into the river. Poor Lucy tore her hair, the ladies screamed out, but Mr. Roberts who had hitherto concealed himself, jumped in after her, and getting to the other side in a boat, carried her home to her lodgings where she was seized with a delirium. It happened the same evening that Miss Glanville discovered, by the information of her woman, that a gentleman on horseback, seemingly in disguise, had been seen lurking about the place; and she, not doubting but it was Sir George, disguised herself in Arabella's dress, and went out to meet him in the manner we have already mentioned. The person who acted the part of the princess of Gaul had been hired for that purpose by Sir George, and Mr. Glanville prevailed upon him to relate the whole scheme to Arabella as soon as she should be able to hear it.

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In the mean time Arabella's illness increased so fast, that she was given over by her physician, and prepared for death with a fortitude and resignation that surprized all who saw her. An eminent divine was sent for to attend her, who discoursed with her on things of the utmost importance. He endeavoured to convince her that her mind had been misled by books that in their own nature had been a scandal to human nature. That in consequence of having imbibed their sentiments, she had not only made herself an object of ridicule, but had nearly committed self-murder, a crime that admitted of no forgiveness. That the books that she had read were written by some Frenchman who had debased the glory of history in mixing fables that never existed with the truth. To this our heroine answered that she could not see that any thing contained in them was either false or wrong. They contained the adventures of some of the greatest heroes of antiquity, and they were filled with such noble sentiments as must at all times be an ornament to human nature. To this the doctor objected that there was one principle in all of them that was sufficient to make them objects of detestation, namely, that where it is said these nominal heroes never forgive supposed injuries. Forgiveness, he said, was one of the fundamental principles of our holy religion, it was the darling attribute of the Deity, and the man who sought revenge could not be a sincere Christian, but rather a dishonour to that sacred name. He made it appear that all the adventures contained in these romances had been invented by the authors who lived in a barbarous age, and although they had

had preserved some names that are mentioned in history, yet the stories were the grossest and the vilest lies that had ever been invented.

It is impossible, madam, said he, to read these tales without lessening in our minds that pure humility which enables us to do acts of benevolence to our fellow-creatures. Love is the business of ladies in romances, they have nothing higher in view, and were I indulged in using an expression, which I would rather conceal, I might call that passion as treated of in these romances, a thing unworthy of our dignity, as rational creatures. I will not insist any longer, for I am afraid my arguments are disagreeable to you, but what I have said is consistent with the dignity of my profession, and if I had said any thing to the contrary, I should have been inexcusable before my Divine Master, who requires truth in the heart.

Arabella, who could not help blushing at the useless manner in which she had spent her time, told him that it was needless for him to pursue the argument any further. She was convinced that his arguments were right, and that she had hitherto spent her time in the pursuit of trifles not worthy of being mentioned. She concluded by telling him that she would never more seek to encourage principles of resentment on such mistaken notions, as those she had been too much led by, and then burst into a flood of tears.

The doctor confirmed her in her new resolution, and thinking solitude was necessary to relieve her spirits after the fatigue of so long a conversation, left her in order to make Mr. Glanville acquainted with his success, who no sooner
heard

heard it, than he was ready to throw himself at the doctor's feet.

Mr. Glanville ran to acquaint his father, who was equally overjoyed to hear of the change that had taken place in his niece's sentiments, and Sir George, who was extremely penitent, recovered every day. Arabella sent for him and Mr. Glanville, and confessed to them how her mind had been misled by the worst of books and protested her resolution of consigning them all to the flames. Every thing was now settled in the most amicable manner, and Sir George having cleared himself by an open confession, Miss Glanville pardoned him and then gave him her hand.

Mr. Glanville married his cousin Arabella, and found in her a most inestimable treasure. All the beauties of her mind, that had so long been obscured by the wild notions in the romances she had read, now opened themselves to his view, and he found more happiness than ever he could have attained to, in the possession of the richest heiress. Such was the effect that the good doctor's, instruction, had upon her, and during the remainder of her life, she lived in such a manner as did honour to her sex. Rational writers became the subject of her meditations, and every one who conversed with her, admired her good sense and enlarged notions.

THE END.



